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JANUARY 1957

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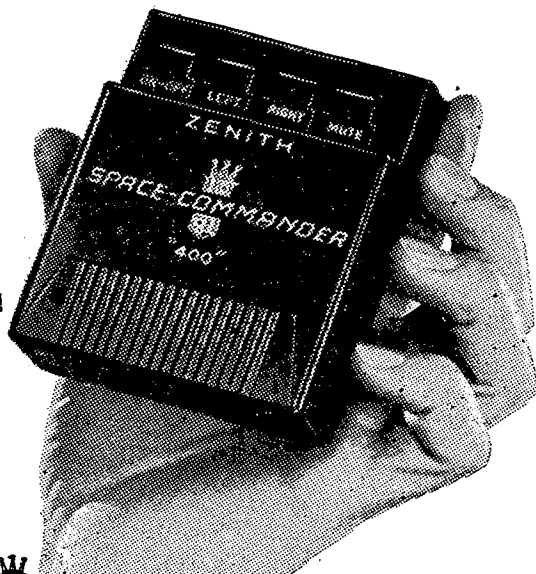
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A M E R I C A N MERCURY

JANUARY 1957

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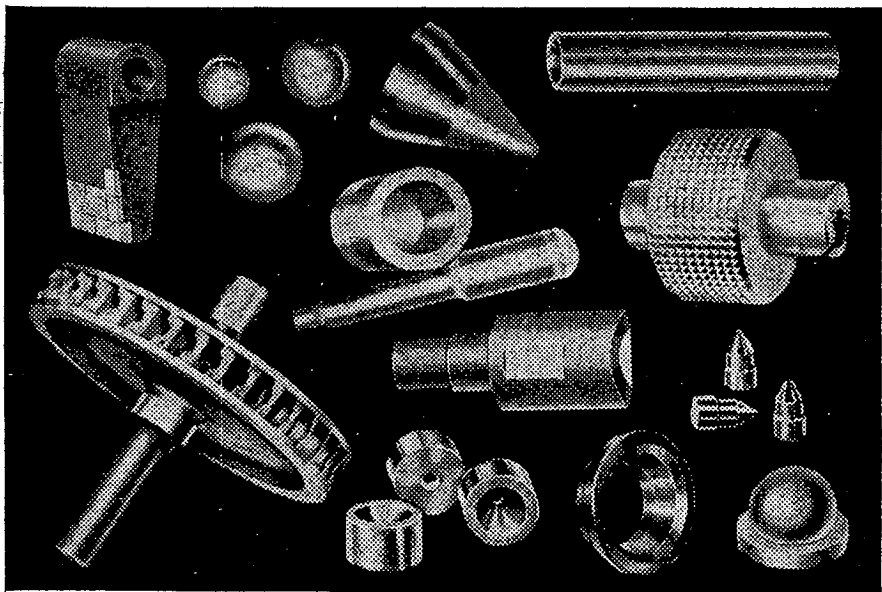
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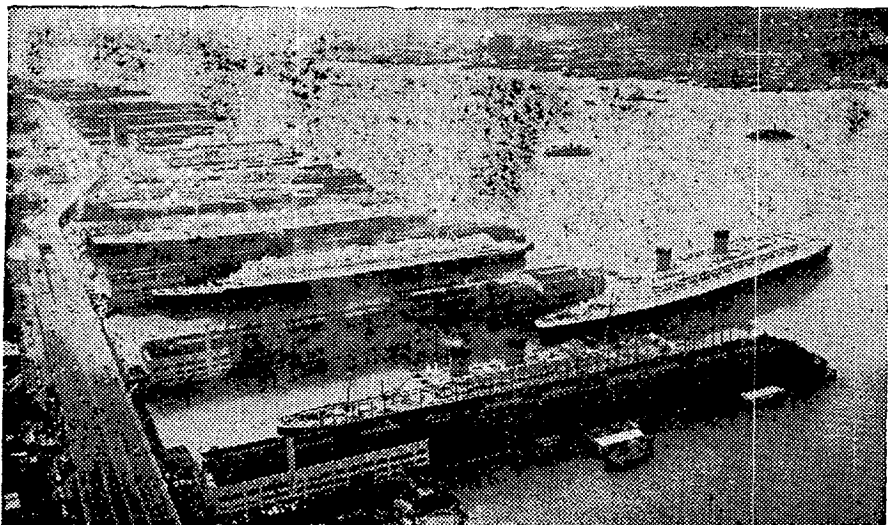
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No Wonder Iceland Hates Us!

by

G. L. Rockwell

WHAT the wind-tunnel is to the aircraft designer, what the town model is to the traffic consultant, what the ore sample is to the mining engineer, the tiny nation of Iceland is to the student of Socialism.

The Marxist ideas which have taken many decades to gnaw into the vitals of the great Western nations have seized the once self-reliant descendants of the Vikings in acute form, and, in little more than a generation, have transformed many in a nation of heroes into spoiled, alcohol-bemused, welfare-worshipping, security-loving, responsibility-shirking people who excuse their utter refusal to do anything to help defend their country with the age-old refuge of the

coward; "It's no use resisting, I'm too little and weak."

Look at the Icelandic youth of today, who meekly allow American young men to defend them when danger threatens, but who bravely demand the immediate eviction of the "occupation army" when they think the danger is past! It is hard to believe that these are the kin of the roaring Vikings who defied the North Atlantic in open boats to discover our own country centuries before Columbus!

Few places on earth show more clearly than Iceland what happens to a people who abandon the civilization-building principles of enterprise, discipline and thrift to pursue the will-o-the-wisps of security, libertinism and extravagance. The

shocking contrast is still clearly visible between the oldest living generation of Icelanders, who helped build and maintain one of the most sensitively cultured nations in the world in spite of a hostile environment, and the hordes of young men who shop eagerly among the Communist and Socialist parties to see who will offer them the most for nothing.

To understand the enormity of the changes wrought in Iceland, mostly by Marxist ideas, it is helpful to look into Iceland's rugged past. We rightly hail our own Pilgrims for their hardihood in braving the New England weather and forests to settle Massachusetts. Imagine the kind of men it took, almost 800 years earlier, to settle on a barren volcanic rock, about the size of Indiana, at the edge of the Arctic Circle—a land almost entirely covered by eternal glaciers, practically denuded of trees by the 100-mile-an-hour gales which roar out of the North Atlantic during the winter, and with no natural wealth except the fish which abound in icy seas!

The only arable land is on the coastal fringes, and the growing season is pitifully short. To settle and exist on such a brutal environment takes real he-men (and real she-women) who neither make excuses nor quail before odds. But consider that, in addition to simply wresting an existence from this forbidding land, these incredible peo-

ple proceeded to build a literate and sensitive culture unequalled anywhere in the world! Every Icelander can read and write, and many of them are skilled painters or musicians or sculptors—or some combination of these. It is surprising to the foreigner to enter the rude hut of a fisherman's family, and find oil paintings adorning the walls—the work of the fisherman and his family!

Reykjavik, the capital, has a National Theater which puts on full-scale grand operas attended not by a small upper-class minority but by everybody. The examples could be endlessly multiplied, but it is sufficient to establish the point that a people with the intelligence and determination to build such an outstanding civilization under such utterly adverse conditions have what it takes to succeed as a nation. When they suddenly enter a sharp decline and head unmistakably for the international junk pile, we have an object lesson in the results of Socialism which only determinedly blind do-gooders could miss.

THAT Iceland *is* heading for the international junk heap is amply attested by the standard historical signs, observable in declining civilizations since Egypt, Greece and Rome. The most obvious symptom has already been mentioned—the outright refusal of the country to defend itself. As will be shown later, the Icelanders *do* have

the means and the ability to defend themselves successfully, and their refusal even to consider this on the grounds of their small size and inability to compete in modern technological warfare is sheer rationalization. If they had the will, the means would and could be found—but the thought of “Army” service so terrifies the undisciplined youth that it is political suicide for any Icelandic leader to suggest an army.

Another classic symptom of national decay is the loss of respect for law. There are several impractical and unenforceable laws (like our own Prohibition) which invite, almost compel, their violation. Chief among these is the tax law, which is flagrantly violated by all but the poverty-stricken and the prohibition of beer (although one can have a fine foaming glass in the home of many Icelandic officials). Also, from time to time, the sale of liquor or drinks in public places is forbidden, and then you will see bottles around the feet of merry-makers. In fact, one of the best attributes of an Icelandic girlfriend is her possession of a giant-sized pocketbook for secreting larger bottles.

THE MOST widespread symptom of all, however, is the general attitude of the people. Marxist thinking has so penetrated every intellectual nook and cranny of the land that the least Leftist party, the

Sjálfstæðisflokkerin, translates its name as Independent (Conservative) Party—but promotes socialized medicine, government monopolies, and the entire line of programs usually found in Labor and Leftist governments. Starting from there, there are three more parties, each farther to the left until we come to the Communists, who constitute roughly 25 percent of the population.

It is a coalition of these Leftist parties which recently formed a cabinet containing Communists, and is now threatening to evict the United States defense forces from the giant airbase at Keflavik, thirty miles southwest of Reykjavik. Loss of this multi-million-dollar base would not only mean that we would lose a 3,000-mile headstart and warning station halfway along the direct Great Circle route between New York and Moscow, but that the Reds would gain even more in the other direction. In addition, we would have to disassemble and ship by sea the jets which we now send over for European defense by flying them in a few hours via Greenland and Iceland.

It will probably come as no bombshell of surprise to MERCURY readers that our own State Department plenipotentiaries had no small part in bringing about this miracle of subversion of a sturdy people. But it is less certain that many will so readily understand the equally stellar role played by some of our

military leaders in the tragedy.

When the Icelanders invited the United States to re-garrison the air-field at Keflavik (U.S.-built in World War II) under the NATO agreements, we poured millions and millions of dollars into the project, including many grandiose permanent buildings. One would imagine that after such a large investment we would do everything possible to keep the Icelanders happy with the situation. It was advantageous to us, and, under the agreement, they could evict us at will. And yet, we sent to Iceland, as our representatives, some of the shoddiest people imaginable.

One naval officer was fresh from a conviction by a general court martial for irregular conduct and gave little evidence of remorse at his chastisement.

It is a known fact that many of the United States military officials in Iceland have been guilty of conduct not only unbecoming to an officer and a gentleman, but to any American. For example, one of the senior officers attached an Icelandic divorcee, whom he entertained in his quarters at odd hours, and drove around in his private "U.S. Navy" vehicle.

There was the fellow who picked out a very lovely Icelandic girl from a fine family and openly announced their engagement. Then he left Iceland for the U.S. in a tearful farewell, promising to get a divorce (a necessary detail since he was mar-

ried), and no more was heard from this leader of men. This case is still ricocheting from the State Department to the Army JAG office, and the Icelandic Ambassador in Washington, because it turned out that the girl was pregnant.

THE U.S. radio station at Keflavik is powerful enough to reach half the population of Iceland—which half lives in Reykjavik—and was operating a good many hours when the only Icelandic station was off the air. As a result, we had a golden opportunity to win enormous goodwill with the Icelanders by putting on programs which would not only give our troops background on their host country, but which would also please the local citizenry.

Several efforts to do something like this met with no success at all. Instead, station TFK broadcast programs of be-bop which, it was indicated, the troops demanded, but which thoroughly offended many of the sensitive and cultured Icelanders. An Icelandic father who found his daughter listening enraptured to something like "Slopping Around In The Sewer" would not be likely to develop kindly feelings toward Americans.

In view of the uniform and predictable pinkness of the U.S. State Department, it may seem superfluous to catalogue the un-American operations of our diplomatic

representatives, but there may be some Americans who don't realize the open and widespread extent of this attitude. During two years of attending diplomatic parties in Reykjavik, and becoming genuine friends with some of the officers of the American Legation who were personally quite charming, this observer found it more and more difficult to understand how we are able to maintain a serious posture of anti-Communism anywhere in the world.

The open alliance with Socialism and the fanatical defense of unmasked Communists in America were so obvious that no Icelander could imagine other than that we are Socialists and Communists in everything but name. One political officer of the American Legation repeatedly tried to get me to read Left-wing periodicals to learn the "truth." This individual rose in wrath at the suggestion that there were or had been any Communists in our State Department. The books in his "library" were all that McCarthy said they were, and this form of anti-Americanism is too well known to merit comment—but the publicly-expressed remarks of this contentious man at diplomatic parties were so violent and vindictive that he sometimes laid hands on guests who were not as receptive to his Red-tinged tirades as he demanded. On several occasions he was removed from the premises by his own embarrassed

cohorts. His wife was equally filled with a passion for "social progress," and, almost as often as he, was equally filled with burning spirits of the bottle.

The statement that our other diplomatic representatives often removed the Press Officer at parties might indicate that they enjoyed a degree of sobriety, but the truth is they appeared sober only by contrast. To be a really outstanding drunk in the American diplomatic set in Reykjavik took very special talent and efforts, because, with the exception of the very top senior officers, many members of the Legation drank heavily, and many were as besotted as is possible. To a man—and woman—they did everything in their power to support the idea common among Europeans that McCarthy was the veritable reincarnation of Hitler, and that the American people lived in terror of his ascension to armed dictatorship.

IN SUM, a large segment of our diplomatic and military leadership fostered the overall impression that America is a land of uncultured, jazzy barbarians, terrorized by "witch-hunters" but full of honest zeal for Socialism and better things which are being denied them by a tiny band of fanatical and diehard reactionaries.

The inevitable result is a natural native suspicion and dislike of this vulgar horde of Americans in the midst of such a tiny nation. Even

the most pro-American Icelanders betray an understandable aversion to such a large body of foreign troops in their midst. There are only about 144,000 of them, and the concentration in one place of many thousands of our troops constitutes a very real irritation, especially when the concentration is rich, disrupts the economy, pays little attention to the sensitive culture of the hosts, and is often led by wretched and boorish men.

Consequently, and again understandably, the cry "Ami, go home!" is very helpful to an Icelandic politician wishing to be elected. This largely explains what is going on there now. Actually, there is no real chance that the U.S. will be evicted from Iceland—lock, stock and barrel—because the Icelanders have built an inflated standard of living on U.S. construction dollars, and loss of U.S. spending would result in economic chaos. Thus, most of the fuss is unadulterated demagoguery. But there is always the chance, of course, that an inflamed public will get out of hand. This has been guarded against, however, and the officers being sent to Iceland now are hand-picked with the probable job of reverting to the "civilian technicians" who were at the airport before the present defense force came in.

WHAT would be best for both Iceland and the U.S.—but what is presently improbable be-

cause of the spoiled nature of the populace—would be a part-time, U.S.-trained, U.S.-equipped, native National Guard. This was what was meant earlier by the statement that Iceland *can* defend itself, and it isn't even necessary to have an army to do it.

Iceland is hundreds of miles away from the nearest conceivable place from which the kind of triphibious invasion necessary to capture it could be started, and all such near places are under observation. In addition, even with only small opposition, it is necessary to spend some time softening up the few landing beaches or drop areas so that, barring total hydrogen bomb warfare, Russia cannot land on Iceland without giving at least one day's notice. That is all the time necessary for a National Guard to hold the fort, because in one day the NATO forces of Britain, Norway and even U.S. air and carrier forces will be present to drive off any invaders. The Icelandic economy would benefit from the landing fees for transient U.S. jets, and the construction dollars it is presently getting.

But what is enormously more important, this little jewel of a nation, this testimonial to courage and initiative and hard work, would be filled with the incalculable spiritual lift of self-reliance—the fierce pride of the tiny sparrow driving the hawk from its nest.

THE LITTLE LAND of Iceland, home of the oldest parliament in the world, one of the newest among free nations, having only recently won independence from Denmark, home-land of my wife and children, and the land I love best after my own (although some of my Icelandic relatives will probably doubt this after reading this article), is on the historic road to loss of what it loves and cherishes the most—its freedom and sovereignty.

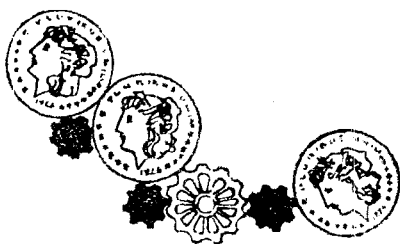
There *are* great men in Iceland—strong, brave men who are capable of leading the people out of the soggy mess of Socialism in which they are foundering. One of them, seeing there was almost nothing for the young folks in Reykjavik to do, proposed first a skating rink, then a bowling alley, but in each case he was frustrated by the controls and taxes imposed

by the greedy Socialistic government. As a result, there is still nothing much for the young folks to do except drink and “party”—and there is no opportunity for pin-boys, bowling-equipment shops, etc., and there are no tax returns from alleys or rinks which do not exist.

If brave and capable leaders were allowed to operate in a *free* economy, Iceland soon would have little need for much outside help. The people are sturdy and bright, and there is no limit to the prosperity which their natural inventiveness and industry could attain. Their forefathers challenged the impossible in crossing the stormy North Atlantic in open boats—and the same healthy blood which is still coursing in young Icelandic veins *can* perform the spiritual and economic miracle which the country needs.

Historians of the future will marvel most of all at the non-resistance of those who had the most to lose.

GENERAL GEORGE VAN HORN MOSELEY
(Commenting on the decline of the
Republic of the United States)



THE SOUTH *Bets on* INDUSTRY

by George M. MacNabb



JOHN H. JONES, an industrial engineer, realized his life-long dream last spring when he left the New Jersey home he had occupied for 15 years and returned to his native South Carolina.

Jones had always wanted to live in the pleasant climate of his homeland, but had found no opportunities there and had trekked northward. Now his company had completed a branch plant in South Carolina, and he could go home as plant manager. At last he could in some measure repay his State for the education it had given him.

Jones had become a part of the "revolution" that is happening in the Southern States today—perhaps the fastest transformation of a society ever witnessed by man. But

his experience was not the only one worth talking about.

When Jones looked around for a personnel man, he set in motion a chain of events:

He found and hired Henry Brown, then employed as office manager for a construction company. Brown happily accepted a new salary nearly double the old one, and he and his wife immediately dug up plans for that new house they had been wanting so long.

The construction company, searching for a replacement, agreed on a man much younger than they had counted on—Fred Smith, floor manager for a department store.

James Green, assistant manager of a grocery, heard about Fred's

leaving. His wife had long urged him to seek better opportunities, and this was it.

Another clerk moved in as assistant grocery manager long before he had hoped. A service station attendant across the street then was able to make a start in his real love—groceries—for more money. All these were white men.

The service station, now short-handed during the heavy spring upturn of business, interviewed several colored men and hired one—George Robinson, janitor for a nearby school. Now all the men at the service station, except the manager, were colored, and Robinson found serving customers more congenial than pushing a broom. He also found \$10 a week more in his pay envelope on Saturday.

George wrote his cousin, Frank, who left the farm he had been helping his brothers to run and came to the city. The remaining Robinson brothers sighed with relief. Too many mouths to feed on the place before. Now, with Frank gone, maybe they could scrape up a down payment for that tractor next fall, and maybe they could pay attention to the improved farm practices the county agent had been telling them about.

ALL THIS sound too simple? Maybe, but it's true. The Joneses and Browns and Smiths are not actual people, of course, but theirs are factual cases.

I traced their stories following the opening in South Carolina of a new industrial plant that now employs over 500 people. Obviously, hundreds of other case histories could be written around them.

They're all part of the "revolution," an economic phenomenon which excites experts everywhere. But few people have realized that social changes inevitably follow the economy. Someday they will know this about the South, where unparalleled mutations are evident already.

With the approach of the centennial decade of the Civil War, attitudes in the South are once again Page One material for the nation and the world. The South maintains that its attitude toward segregation is not understood and that the nation's press should take more pains to explore the background and basis for its beliefs.

With all the thousands of articles and editorials that have followed the Supreme Court's integration decision, the economic side of the picture is receiving scant attention. Yet there is a very clear connection between the march of industry southward and the great question of segregation.

Many thoughtful Southerners have long held that the Negro's plight is largely an economic one. The Negro, they say, can find his true place in society only when his standards of living have been raised.

This is an obvious fundamental truth which applies to anyone, of whatever race or color. No man whose attitudes toward health and sanitation, crime, schooling, and all the rest are below standard for the society in which he lives can expect to be a full-fledged member of that society.

Still, society cannot blame a man for failing to get rid of his outside "plumbing" when his total cash income for an entire year may be less than \$500, and when he can keep all seven of his children fed only because he lives on a farm.

Let him get a job paying real money, and society won't have to nudge him. He'll build a bathroom, and furthermore, he'll get a television set (maybe first)!

He'll see that his children are clean and well-dressed and that they are educated, he'll take an interest in local affairs and pay his county and state taxes, he'll do something about that old disease that's been plaguing his wife, and he'll be a happier and better citizen because he's well-fed and free from worries. And, observing his neat house and yard and his clean children, maybe his neighbors now will ask him to attend town meeting for the first time.

Certainly, the question of southern beliefs about segregation are not based entirely on economic factors, but these will have the most influence on the society in which he lives in the decades to come.

And "industrial development" are the big words.

CURIOUSLY ENOUGH, the South has been under sharp attack for the very activity which may serve later to ease all the pains. Leaders of the southern states have not been standing by idly to await the coming of industry. They have been engaged for years in a vigorous campaign to go out and bring it in. In doing so, of necessity they have entered the great industrial centers where thousands depend on industry for a livelihood. There they have been greeted with an age old cry, "stop, thief!"

Union leaders and government officials have variously described these southern salesmen as burglars, pirates, ghouls, and carpet-baggers-in-reverse. On their side the southerners have paid little attention—they've been too busy building a new world.

Is it true what they say—that Dixie is plundering the northern states of industry by offering spectacular, if unfair, inducements? Is industry growing fat in the South because of sweat-shop labor, tax give-aways, and political hand-outs?

A careful examination reveals that the nation, in this respect, also misunderstands the South. Let's go back a bit:

The great depression of the Thirties smote the South particularly hard. Its cotton-based econ-

omy, unbolstered by industry except for a tottering textile group, was laid waste. Southern college graduates were taking jobs, when they could find them, for 10¢ an hour. Millions neared starvation. The average income in the south-east plummeted to \$191 in 1932 (\$147 in South Carolina).

Things began to change in the late Thirties with the coming of national defense. Then came the war-time spending of the Forties. Vast encampments, such as Fort Jackson at Columbia and Fort Benning at Columbus, were scattered over the South, bringing millions in new money. Defense industries like Bell Aircraft at Marietta, Georgia, brought other millions in new payrolls.

By the time Japan surrendered, southern people were better off. Per capita income rose from \$287 in 1939 to \$802 in 1945.

Meanwhile, southern agriculture had undergone changes which, together with the nation-wide increase in food consumption and higher farm prices, gave the farm a new look. Improved conservation practices, better seed, and mechanization boosted production. Farm income in the South Atlantic States rose from \$831,000,000 in 1940 to \$2,370,000,000 in 1945.

The effect of these changes was felt everywhere. Bank deposits in the South Atlantic group increased from four-and-a-half billions in 1940 to twelve-and-a-half billions

in 1945. Residential telephones, to list another gain, grew from a million to a million-and-a-half.

ALL THESE developments, naturally, created vast new markets. And it was toward those markets that industry began to turn in the late 1940's. It was like the gold rush of 1849 repeated a century later.

Billions in expendable income were being distributed in a region where almost no consumer goods were being manufactured. It was a vast vacuum, and American industry abhors a vacuum.

The first need of industry, manpower, was there in abundance. Because of mechanization, farms were turning out a labor pool undreamed of before. Industry knew it could make use of this manpower for a very good reason: the automobile. Workers no longer had to live near the mill.

So industry could, and did, Workers could, and do, travel as far as 25 miles each way to work. Many could go on living on the farm, raising vegetables and chickens and helping Pop with the other crops.

With the coming of new industry and payrolls, other new markets were created to attract still more industry, and the movement mushroomed. By 1952, South Atlantic per capita income had risen to \$1,121, highest in history. Fifteen years ago the South bought

\$900,000,000 worth of clothing annually. Now it buys three and one-fourth billions worth.

Were the Southerners, then, "stealing" all this? Not at all. Virtually all of the new industry came in the form of branch plants or expansions of old ones.

In a few cases, it is true, companies actually moved out of northern cities to come south, and hardships resulted. But these were so minute a part of the whole as to be almost invisible. In South Carolina, for instance, only one-half of one per cent of the industrial growth has come from removals.

Did "sweat-shop" wage scales enter into the picture? No. Wages are only one of the many factors industry must consider, and the South had natural resources, power, plenty of water, good transportation, and all that manpower. It's true that the South's average wages are a fraction lower, but so is the cost of living.

THE National Planning Association, in its 1949 study, "Why Industry Moves South," queried 88 new industries, found that, "... with few exceptions, company executives pointed out that they could not justify a large investment based only on such an uncertain matter as a North-South wage differential."

"Our survey," said the report, "indicates that three-fourths of the new southern plants investigated

were attracted to that region . . . by the market and materials."

Concessions? Inducements? It is true that some manufacturers, in nearly every case smaller ones whose credit is strained, come South looking for bargains.

A few states have sought to gratify this not-very-widespread desire by granting tax concessions and even, as in the case of the Mississippi BAWI plan, actually constructing buildings.

It is also quite true that many substantial and successful industrialists prefer not to tie up heavy capital in buildings for the first few years of a new plant's operation. The capital can be used to better advantage in improved machinery, sales expansions, and the like.

For these, the South has found a satisfactory business-like answer in many instances. Under the plan, businessmen of a community will invest their own money in a development corporation which, in turn, can borrow additional funds. A building is erected—only if a good tenant has been signed up in advance—and it is leased to the manufacturer with option to buy.

Thus, local businessmen can realize a reasonable return on their savings and at the same time bring to town a factory which will greatly add to their business success because of its payrolls. There is nothing but good business sense in such a plan.

Sometimes, a site is purchased by the community and given to the manufacturer. The site cost is invariably so small a factor in the overall expenditure as to be negligible. It is simply given as a gesture of goodwill to make the manufacturer feel that he is wanted.

THROUGH these and other business-like methods, the South is seeking to raise itself by its own bootstraps and to become a more vital part of the nation's economy. Until the incomes of all its people are nearer the national average, it will always be a region apart.

And until the day comes when Georgia and Alabama are as well off as Kansas and Connecticut; the South must concentrate on its economic problems, in the firm belief that they are more important to all its people than the painful question of segregation.

Can the South hope for continued economic gains?

Here's what a northerner has to say of this point. Harold F. Clark, professor of education economics at Teachers College, Columbia University, has said:

"There is no reason why within a century South Carolina, Mississippi, and Arkansas should not become the three richest states in the union. They are better supplied with water than almost any other state. This could easily become a decisive advantage in the period just ahead.

"A dependable supply of water is going to be crucial for agriculture. Many industries are already drastically limited because of the growing shortage of water. If you couple these factors with a climate mild enough for workers to spend their leisure time outdoors almost the year around, you have the basic requirements for an extraordinary economic expansion."

Other economists predict an immediate future of great development for the South, barring a major depression.

Over the nation, population is rising 2,500,000 people a year. At the same time, standards of living are rising by 2½ per cent a year. In the South the latter rate is even faster. Even if industry does nothing better than keep up with the market, the South is bound to continue its gains.

An accredited survey this year showed that United States business plans to spend more than a hundred billion for expansion by the end of 1958. The South's share will probably be greater than that of any other region, because it is growing fastest.

Dr. Frank J. Soday, president of the Southern Association of Science and Industry, has predicted that the South will have 10,000 new plants by 1965.

What helps the South helps the nation, southerners believe, as they listen to the clamour at the north.

As the National Planning Asso-

ciation said, "The community of interest that all regions have in maintaining an expanding economy completely eclipses the imagined opposing interests."

IN REALITY, the competition these days is among the southern states themselves. Rivalry gets very keen indeed, as industry tries to make up its mind which of the southern states to visit. Usually, they wind up visiting four or five to look around. When they do, they're subjected to a kind of salesmanship which is new in this world. It's a new selling war, State against State—all southern!

The rewards for this salesmanship are the greatest ever sought, and the goods being peddled the most valuable in history. The salesmen knock on doors, wheedle interviews, pull strings, and mail out broadsides like any salesman. But when they hit a sale, great buildings rise upward, rails are laid, roads are built, telephone lines string across the countryside, tax coffers swell, and literally billions of new dollars are spread about.

For these rewards, southerners have learned to be the country's most aggressive salesmen. But they worry about rivals in the South, and not about competition from above the Mason and Dixon line.

Even southern Governors have been drawn into the conflict. Strom Thurmond of South Carolina pounded on the desks of hesitating northern company presidents. James F. Byrnes, by telephone and in person, made use of his celebrated powers of persuasion. George Bell Timmerman, Jr., has followed his predecessors, making a speech last year in New York to 100 top industry and financial leaders. The Governors of other southern states are equally active.

It has impressed industry.

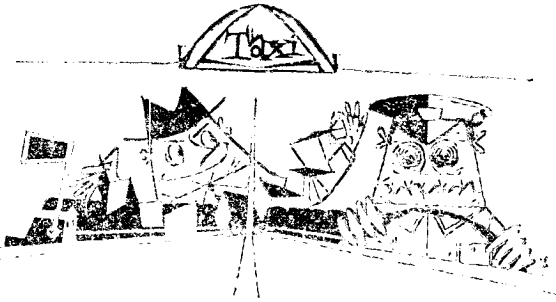
When a calling card reading "J. Strom Thurmond" was presented to the DuPont headquarters building in Wilmington, Delaware, a few years back, it created a sensation. DuPont officers pointed out that the company had been in business 150 years, and this was the first time the Governor of a State had visited their offices.

Today, a DuPont plant costing over \$75,000,000 hums in Camden, South Carolina, making \$80,000,000 worth of Orlon a year, an annual "crop" almost as valuable as all the cotton produced in the State.

The old legend as to what the Governor of North Carolina said to the Governor of South Carolina now has a modern paraphrase:

"How in the name of Robert E. Lee did you get that plant?"

Everybody's a self-made man, but only the successful ones are willing to admit it.



How to Torture a Taxi Driver

by David Williamson

How to" articles have been written on everything from raising petunias to mixing pipe tobacco. Most of us never want to do these things, anyway. But who among us has never felt the urge to get one-up on that taxi driver?

Maybe it's because we all get a little mad and mean once in awhile. The boss reads us out for nothing, or that doll gives us the brush-off. When there isn't a cat around to kick, nothing could be more convenient than the cabbie.

Or maybe we're a little afraid of him, that cocky underworld type up in the front seat, so completely in command of our destinies as he whisks us around the asphalt jungle.

But herein lies the basic principle of cabbie cutting: *Never be afraid of him*. It is vital to convince yourself that the driver is just another guy, like you, trying to make a living by doing a job well. The rest is simple. To figure what

would get his goat, just figure what would get yours. Any sadist will testify to the soundness of this psychology.

Your fun can begin even before you set foot in the cab. Remember that the cabbie is earning a living *only* when he has a fare in his car and the meter down. Any delay in getting to this point is money out of his pocket. So delay.

Suppose, at the end of a frustrating day at the office, you feel in need of a ride home and somebody to get even with. Pick up the nearest telephone, ring the company and tell them you want a cab to meet you in front of your building. Next, take the elevator downstairs, dash out on the sidewalk—and hail the first taxi that comes by.

Although this trick robs you of the satisfaction of actually *seeing* your victim, with a little imagination you can picture him battling rush-hour traffic with an empty

cab, searching the sidewalk for you while he is double parked and ending up with no pay for his pains.

If you are calling from a home, you have more chance to *observe* his discomfort. This time, wait until the driver is standing in the door. Then start to find your coat, cigarettes, lighter, say your good-byes to the host or guests, have that last drink for the road, or invent some other unavoidable delay. From the corner of your eye you can see him standing on one foot then the other, twisting his cap in his hands. He is trying to decide whether to wait patiently at his own expense or to run down and flip his meter, incur your wrath, and lose his tip.

ONCE inside the cab, the important thing to remember is that the guy at the wheel takes a certain degree of pride in his work, in his knowledge of the city, in his ability to handle the car, and in his way of getting along with passengers. These human traits leave him wide open to harassing. You can start right away, by the manner in which you state your destination.

One version is the guessing game: "Take me to Pete's," you blurt, settling down confidently in the back seat. (He probably knows of three restaurants and fourteen bars in town by that name. But what you really want is the sub-

urban home of your friend, Pete Riley.) When you have reduced him to asking "which Pete," express hurt surprise. Remind him that you are a steady customer and have been taking cabs to Pete's for years. "How long have you been driving a cab?" is a good solicitous line for this moment.

Another angle is to play skipper, leaving him a mere helmsman. "Just head south," you command, crisply. Since he has no more information than you give him, he is completely at your mercy, unable to use any foresight. You can badger him with surprise "right" and "left" commands, given in the middle of intersections. When you have forced him to drive like a nut, grumble at the way he is throwing you around. Ask him how long he's been driving, anyway.

If you're lucky, you might even be able to humble him legitimately. Don't pass up such a chance. For instance, suppose you are going to 949 Belvedere Court, a house on the bluff at the end of a one-block street in the boondocks. Simply state the address, then immediately get engrossed in a newspaper or a conversation with a companion. When he is reduced to interrupting you for more directions, barrage him with a set that Einstein couldn't decipher, using your own private landmarks. Or, slip into the skipper role (see above). In either case, don't forget to ask him how long he's been driving a cab.

AFTER you have established the destination, there are infinite ways to put the screws to him while he is driving. Just remember that he is a busy man, trying his best to give you a smooth ride over the shortest route to your destination.

One simple but effective technique is to add "and hurry" when you give your destination. How does he know you are headed for your weekly visit with Aunt Bessie?

Another gimmick, particularly good in rush hour, is to shower him with friendly questions—*immediately*. Ask him what he thinks of the most recent scandal in city government, or what he thinks of Marilyn Monroe—anything to distract him. Pulling the meter, planning the route, pulling out from the curb into heavy traffic, and radioing his dispatcher keep his four hands and two heads very busy during these first moments. He probably couldn't even tell you the time of day.

For more sustained pressure, give him a challenge. If you know the trip usually takes \$1.30, be sure to say, "It's never more than \$1.30," or better yet "... \$1.20." Then watch him sweat out the meter the rest of the trip.

If you are going farther than around the corner, you might open a conversation. The same techniques of tactlessness work on him as on anyone else. The difference

is that he can't fight back. Your weapon is his desire to keep you happy and tip-prone.

Here is the guy to give that vivid account of your career as halfback at old Siwash U. in 1937. Or fill him in on how you closed that big deal with Aramnox this afternoon. Or anything else that should interest a complete stranger. You will never get a more appreciative audience.

Better yet, give him your views on the recent elections, in no uncertain terms. Then ask if he doesn't agree. If he happens to be an active member of the other party, he will be searching for a way to keep you happy without perjuring himself.

If you are from out of town, be sure to pan the city. Tell him how ugly and dull the place is, how unfriendly the people are, and how you can't imagine any sane person actually *choosing* to live here. After all, he does.

FINALLY you are approaching your destination, 343 Oak Avenue. He knows that it is somewhere on the right side of the street around the middle of the block, but he can't read the addresses on all the houses as he drives.

Help him out. Raise your forefinger slightly—behind his back—and say "that one."

"Which one?" he will ask, since he has eyes on only one side of his head.

"This one . . . here, here, *here*."

When he slams on the brakes, grumble something like "I thought you were going right by it," and pull yourself together ostentatiously.

After he turns the meter off, any delay is again at his own expense. You can prolong it in several ways.

TAKE your time finishing that conversation. Stay right in the back seat until you are *positive* he understands that last point you were making. He can't very well kick you out this close to the pay-off.

You can eat up a lot of clock just in the process of giving him that fare. One way is to fumble through your pockets at length, as though the money never occurred to you before. A better way is to produce a twenty-dollar bill.

Since he probably doesn't carry that much change, this calls for a lengthy search of your home or a round trip to the nearest store.

When you finally do pay off, you have him completely at your mercy. It is entirely up to you how much to tip. This is the point at which he gets rewarded for putting up with you.

Tip him nothing. But don't let it go at that. Explain to him that you are against tipping in principle. You can imagine his interest.

The techniques described in this brief article are meant to be suggestive, not exhaustive. With experience the reader can develop new refinements expressing his own individuality. But he should always remember the basic principle: the taxi driver is human.

Careful Copying

Young Johnnie took a test in school. He sat next to his pal, Ronald, who was also the smartest boy in the class. When they handed in their papers, Johnnie was sure he would get a good grade because he had copied all the answers from his friend.

Great was his surprise and dismay next day when the teacher read out the grades giving Johnnie a zero, while his friend received a 90. After class, Johnnie complained to the teacher.

"Ronald and I studied together for the test," he protested, "so I'm sure our answers were exactly alike."

"Not quite," explained the teacher. "Out of ten questions, you answered nine alike. For his tenth answer, Ronald wrote, 'I don't know the answer to this question.' You put, 'Me neither.'"

—EDDY ANDERSON

THREAT TO AMERICA

by
Julius Epstein

TWENTY to forty thousand refugees from the Soviet Union are threatening our national security. These refugees form a potential pool to be tapped by the Soviet intelligence apparatus now working in the United States. The Soviet agents are losing no time to blackmail members of that pool into spying for Moscow. How can the Soviet agents do this?

The weapon these agents use is very simple. It is their knowledge of the fact that every one of those refugees is illegally in the United States, that every one of them obtained entry into our country by the use of false identities, claimed in forged documents. Ironically, many of them forged their papers on the urgent advice from American military personnel. This fact, however, does not make them immune as far as the law is concerned. According to that law they are all liable to deportation. Why did they falsify their identities in the first place? It was the only way

to save their lives, to escape forced repatriation behind the Iron Curtain where only death or slave labor was waiting for them.

Those unfortunate twenty to forty thousand refugees are now living in terror and anguish among us. It does not take much imagination to envision a Soviet agent talking to Iwan Rubinov of Minneapolis along these lines: "My dear Iwan, we know very well that you and your family, including your two sons in the army and navy are living under false identities in America. Every time you sign your names, you are committing a crime. We can expose you any day. The law does not leave the immigration authorities any other choice but deportation. But since you are working in a defense plant, we want to make a deal with you. You'll give us some information we badly need and we'll protect you from being exposed and deported."

We do not know how many

Iwans are right now succumbing to this kind of blackmail, a terrifying fact as far as our national security is concerned.

These people, who have rightfully been called the "living victims of Yalta," are not to blame for the predicament they found themselves in when they came to the United States.

THE BLAME belongs alone to the Administration which forcibly repatriated between two and five million anti-Communist prisoners of war and civilians, right into the hands of Stalin's executioners. That was not only a crime against humanity but also a gross violation of the Geneva Convention and a complete reversal of the old and time-honored American tradition of ready asylum for political refugees and exiles.

What happened in the post-war years is already a matter of historical record; it cannot be eradicated from history. It leaves, however, to the American people the moral obligation to clear the record once and for all by a full-fledged Congressional investigation of forced repatriation and of all people in this country illegally. The blame for the outrageous crime and an unprecedented stupidity should at last be pinned on those individuals who deserve it. This seems to be a tremendous task, hampered by enormous obstacles. Whenever somebody in Washington gets near to

the disclosure of this most startling and shameful story of World War II, secret but immensely powerful influences get busy to shut the door on the whole subject. The reason is apparent: The truth would certainly touch sacrosanct reputations of former and present high and even highest officials.

The most evident case in point is the Bosch resolution (H.137). In that remarkable resolution, Congressman Albert H. Bosch of New York asked—on February 8, 1955—for the immediate creation of a Select House Committee to investigate the whole history of forced repatriation. Among the reasons for such an investigation, Congressman Bosch listed the following:

That forced repatriation of millions of anti-Communists brought death and misery to untold thousands.

That it cannot be justified by the Yalta agreement.

That it was also in complete contradiction to our own Department of State's rulings in implementation of the Yalta agreement.

That it was in contradiction to the opinions of the Judge Advocate General of the army, as repeatedly expressed during the last forty years.

That forced repatriation represents an indelible blot on the American tradition of ready asylum for political exiles.

That it is still poisoning our spiritual relations to the vigorously

anti-Communist peoples behind the Iron Curtain and therefore impeding our present foreign policy.

The Bosch resolution—from an ethical point of view probably one of the most significant resolutions ever introduced in the American Congress—was immediately referred to the Rules Committee. But the Rules Committee, under its democratic chairman, Congressman Howard V. Smith of Virginia, and its democratic majority, did not act. It pigeonholed H.137. Since no resolution can ever go to the floor of the House without the Rules Committee's permission, that lack of action was tantamount to killing the bill without explicitly saying so.

Neither the State Department nor the Pentagon want a congressional investigation of the horrifying crimes connected with forced repatriation of anti-Communists.

The record of too many Generals, Secretaries of State, Directors of relief organizations (UNRRA, IRO) would be shattered beyond repair should the American people ever learn the truth. Since a democratic administration is alone responsible for the events of 1945-1947, the democratic majority of the 84th Congress used every rule in the book to prevent the Bosch resolution from becoming law. The outstanding exception from this rule was provided by Senator James O. Eastland, whose Internal Security Subcommittee opened the Pan-

dora box by allowing this writer on May 18, 1956, to present the salient points of the history of American forced repatriation in his testimony of that day.

WHAT ARE these salient points? To enumerate all of them would go far beyond a magazine article; it would afford a book. For our purpose it may suffice to mention the following facts, established and documented beyond the shadow of any doubt:

1. As late as February 1, 1945, it was still the well-established American policy not to allow forcible repatriation of Soviet citizens captured in German uniforms, as most of the so-called Vlasov soldiers were. On that day, our then Acting Secretary of State, Joseph C. Grew, sent a diplomatic note to Mr. Novikov, the Soviet representative in Washington, declaring that any forced repatriation of such prisoners in American hands would constitute a gross violation of the Geneva Convention.

2. This sound policy was overruled in Yalta where our delegation, including Alger Hiss, yielded to Stalin's pressure.

3. While even the Yalta agreement did not mention the use of force in repatriating Soviet nationals, it was so interpreted by our Joint Chiefs of Staff (specifically General Marshall).

4. Among the still highly classified documents which prove this

point is the "Guide to the care of displaced persons in Germany" issued by the G5 Division, Displaced Persons Branch, Supreme Headquarters Allied Expeditionary Force (SHAEF), herewith quoted for the first time. On page 22 of that "Guide" we find the chapter "Liberated Soviet Citizens." Point "c" reads as follows:

"After identification by Soviet Repatriation Representatives, Soviet displaced persons will be repatriated regardless of their individual wishes."

5. Forced repatriation of Soviet nationals was carried out by American military authorities in the most atrocious way possible. Our MPs cracked the skulls of hundreds if not thousands of Soviet POWs. Untold prisoners committed suicide in the flood lights of the American trucks which surrounded camp after camp. They knelt down and begged American soldiers to shoot, rather than to deport them to their Soviet torturers. There was no mercy. In many cases the prisoners locked themselves in churches or barracks to which they then set fire. Our GIs stood guard while Stalin's agents dragged out their "liberated" nationals.

6. In many camps, e.g. in Plattling, Bavaria, those atrocities took place a few hours after American officers had solemnly promised the prisoners that they would never forcibly be repatriated.

7. We not only forced millions of anti-Communists back to Stalin's hangmen, we also repatriated heroes of Soviet origin who had fought within our own ranks in Italy against the Nazis. Many of them were even decorated by our own generals for bravery "beyond the call of duty." Since these Soviets had never been prisoners of war, their extradition could never be "justified" by the Yalta agreement, no matter how wrongly it might have been interpreted. It was a crime, pure and simple. Lt. General Edward M. Almond has testified before Congress that he had to repatriate such a hero, named "Tinio", with a whole band of comrades although he knew it meant the immediate death of Tinio and his comrades. That repatriation order was signed by General Joseph T. McNarney.

8. In June 1945, our military authorities at Fort Dix, N. J. dragged about 200 Soviet prisoners in order to overcome their stiff resistance to repatriation. In a deep coma, they were brought aboard a Soviet ship in New Jersey.

9. The shameful history of forced repatriation is fully recorded in an official Army document: "383.7-14.1 Forcible Repatriation of Displaced Soviet Citizens—Operation Keelhaul." The document is "Top Secret" and even Senator Eastland's attempt to get it was unsuccessful. There are hundreds of other documents which spell out the ghastly

story. Not one of them was ever released by the Pentagon, in violation of the President's ruling that maintenance of classification can only be justified if American national security is at stake.

10. That the Truman administration was well aware of the true character of forced repatriation cannot be doubted when we consider the splendid fight its Secretary of State Dean Acheson waged before the United Nations in order to prevent forced repatriation of the anti-Communist prisoners in Korea. Then, we even preferred to prolong the Korean war for fourteen months, rather than to force the prisoners back as the Soviet delegation demanded. Dean Acheson delivered a truly great speech in which he explained why forced repatriation has always been a crime against humanity and was moreover a violation of the Geneva Convention. But this courageous American position was an implicit admission of our own guilt from 1945 forward. Acheson's arguments were, of course, not only true and valid in 1952, but also in 1945, '46, '47.

11. Nothing in American history

has ever so thoroughly embittered our secret allies behind the Iron Curtain as the crime of forced repatriation. It has almost completely poisoned our spiritual relations with these peoples, as Congressman Bosch pointed out in his resolution.

THE EMBITTERMENT of these millions was multiplied by the fact that neither the Americans nor the British, whose record is not sweeter, have ever made the slightest attempt to atone for the crime. Quite contrary: The American and the British governments have done everything in their power to prevent the official exposure of the crime, to suppress every document bearing on it.

There is only one remedy, if the crime can be remedied at all. The crime must be atoned, the admission must be made explicit. The American people have to insist upon a complete and thorough Congressional investigation, as first demanded by Congressman Albert H. Bosch.

Continued silence would only heap another crime upon the old one.

The Congress of the United States should begin a formal investigation of all forced repatriation and also of how five million people got into this country illegally and what steps should be taken to remove them.

This Is What They Said

If our representatives only made mistakes, they would sometimes make one in our favor.—JAMES.V. FORRESTAL

I think it (shortage of capital funds) is going to be far more important to the prosperity and stability of our country than anything in our foreign policy, and I deplore in the face of this shortage of capital to see our capital being shipped out of the country.—ROBERT R. YOUNG

Our most useful allies are not to be found in London, Paris, or any other European capital, but are to be found, by the hundreds of millions, among the victims of Communism in Soviet Russia, Eastern Europe, Red China, North Korea and Vietminh.—RODNEY GILBERT

He who shall introduce into public affairs the principles of primitive Christianity will change the face of the earth.—BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

Our American civilization is now going down the drain, and not more than a handful of people are concerned about it.—RICHARD ARENS, *Director of the House un-American Activities Committee*

We must always remember that our Constitution was designed to protect the freedom of the smallest possible minority—one person—against the demands of the greatest possible majority—all other persons combined.—BEN MORELL

Today, the Christian world is menaced by a Satanic force which denies and seeks to destroy all that we Christians hold important. Communism is a direct denial of Christ and His Church. More than that, it seeks complete domination of the free world through capturing the minds and hearts of its youth.—ADMIRAL ARTHUR W. RADFORD

To sin by silence when they should protest, makes cowards of men.—ABRAHAM LINCOLN

I am convinced the United Nations pro-Communist outfit, and the World Council of Churches, another pro-Communist outfit, are the greatest hoaxes ever perpetuated on the American public.—BILLY JAMES HARGIS, D.D.

Let us ever keep in mind that this struggle, in its essence, is between Almighty God and Satan. Let us call often and regularly upon the Lord, in prayer for the guidance, strength and courage to make our contribution effective.—RON GOSTICK

Drive as though God were seated beside you.—SHERBURNE PRESCOTT



New

Cure for Sleeplessness

by
Henry Lee

side, the Devil on her left where she wouldn't look. Her voice trailed on in a self-pitying monotone.

"I'm a *good* girl. I don't drink liquor. I don't smoke. I always try to do the right. I am a *member* of a church. Another hospital, they say, 'You try not to worry.' I *try*. I've been askin' and *askin'* for my medicine. My mother's dead, my daddy dead, my sisters are alive. *Why* won't they bring me my medicine?"

Suddenly she broke into heavy sobs, and tears spilled down her cheeks onto the sheet. The right arm never wavered.

A physician took her blood pressure. Using a brand-new drug—not Willie's imaginary "medicine"—he inserted a needle intravenously into her left arm. For a few minutes, nothing happened.

Then Willie's stiffly-extended fingers relaxed, curling back onto her

FOR WANT of a better name, they called her Willie. A sad-eyed girl in her early 20s, she had been found wandering on the streets the night before, confused and crying.

Now, unclaimed by relatives, not even yet identified, she lay in the drab, green-walled mental ward at the District of Columbia General Hospital in Washington. Her right forearm was held rigidly erect as though she were begging attention from the psychiatrists and nurses.

So long as she held her arm like that, she explained, God would watch over her. He was on that

palm. A moment later, her right forearm fell back onto her forehead. Remembering, she managed to raise the arm. It wavered, fell again.

Within ten minutes, poor, lost Willie had forgotten her troubles in a light, normal sleep, like a child who has sobbed herself into dreamland. When she awoke, she would be relaxed, cooperative, amenable to psychiatric examination.

THE NEW "wonder drug" which so quickly soothed Willie works with equally amazing speed to calm and control alcoholics, writhing in delirium tremens, and drug addicts in the horrors of withdrawal. A phenothiazine derivative, Sparine is the most recent of the "tranquilizers," which are bringing about a revolution in psychiatric care, and seemingly the best of them in many ways.

Unlike some other drugs in the fast-expanding field of chemopsychotherapy, Sparine thus far has displayed no undesirable side effects.

Research indicates no precipitous drop in blood pressure, no excessive rapidity in heart action, no jaundice, no intolerance to intramuscular or intravenous injection, no pain on injection, no tissue destruction at the site of injection.

Unlike Rauwolfia, Sparine has not been known to cause severe, sometime dangerous depression. In contrast to the leisurely Reserpine,

which needs two to four hours to take effect, Sparine is fast. Usually, it acts within five to ten minutes.

This is not a knockout wallop, but what the research physicians call "sedation without stupor." The patients can be easily roused and questioned, if necessary. Then they lapse back gently into slumber and awake normally after five to seven hours, scarcely more distressed than a normal person after a nightmare.

At the District of Columbia General Hospital, more than 550 sufferers have been treated with the drug under the direction of Dr. John D. Schultz, chief of psychiatry at the hospital and associate professor of psychiatry at Georgetown University School of Medicine.

Of the total, about 300 were suffering from some acute alcoholic derangement, such as hallucinations, tremulousness and other disorders, often accompanied by violence. There were also about 200 psychotics, classed as either manic depressives or agitated schizophrenics, and some 50 drug addicts.

There I witnessed Sparine's dramatic effect on Willie and watched the preview of an uncensored, unrehearsed movie depicting its administration to the other badly-disturbed patients, some of whom had to be held in their cots under restraint.

I listened in on a medical panel,

presided over by Dr. George N. Raines, the U. S. Navy's chief of psychiatric services, at which eight other physicians from various hospitals discussed Sparine's research success and exciting promise for the future.

This new compound, a product of Wyeth Laboratories in Radnor, Pa., will not of itself cure alcoholism, drug addiction or mental disturbances. But Sparine does control the symptoms of central nervous system excitation. It is a quick and merciful tool to ease physical suffering and exorcise, or at least minimize, the accompanying hallucinations.

PSYCHOLOGICAL tests before, during and after administration disclose marked reduction in the patients' anxiety. Among the uncommunicative, there is lessening of tension and increased ability to talk about themselves and their problems. Thus, the psychiatrist begins to "get through" to them.

Many patients even come to view their delusions with greater logic and objectivity. "The Devil still talks to me," one woman psychotic explained seriously, "but I don't bother to holler back at him."

Sparine's most striking results have been with the DT cases. As one physician wryly told me, "Alcoholism is the most relapsing of illnesses." Any tool that helps our understaffed hospitals to deal with DT's obstreperous victims saves

time, personnel and tax money, since most of our hundreds of thousands of non-arrested alcoholics are public charges.

With Sparine, it has been found, the amount of nursing care is greatly lessened, and the type of care somewhat simplified. Fewer patients run fevers or must be kept under restraints. More can attend to their personal needs and help out in simple chores about the wards. The hospitalization period is only one-fourth as long.

Those suffering moderately severe bouts of the DT's usually drop off to sleep within five to ten minutes after the injection and awake five to seven hours later with no DT symptoms and only some tension. Their appetites are good.

The more stubborn cases may require follow-up dosages and sometimes co-administration of one or two other drugs. But, in general, these pathetic victims of the shakes and the snakes are ready for discharge within *three* days. Formerly, the DTs required minimum hospitalization of ten to twelve days.

In their observations of the drug, the physicians have carefully noted the patients' personal reactions because, as one physician put it, "Some of these alcoholics have gone through more forms of therapy than I've ever seen."

In achieving "sedation without stupor," Sparine also is efficacious with barbiturate addicts (whose

withdrawal period is treacherous and can be fatal) and with narcotics addicts.

Similarly, for those badly disturbed from causes other than liquor or narcotics, Sparine is a swift tranquilizer.

FOR THOSE who take their chemistry straight, Sparine is technically known as dimethylamino-n-propyl-phenothizine. It is much like chlorpromazine, except for the absence of the chlorine attached to the second carbon atom. It is the chlorine, researchers suspect, which is responsible for the side effects in the other drug.

Under its research designation of WY-1094, Sparine was first tested on animals to make sure there was a wide margin of safety between effective doses and lethal doses. As Sparine, it is just now becoming available to physicians.

While the research thus far has

been concentrated on the frontlines of medicine—a big general hospital which must handle acute cases brought in by ambulance and police cars—scientists believe that general practitioners will be able to administer it in their offices or the privacy of patients' homes.

What effect it will have on chronic cases, as contrasted to the acute cases already analyzed and reported, must be determined by further investigation. Among other mental institutions, famed St. Elizabeth's Hospital in Washington is conducting experiments with it.

But even if it works its best only with the acute victims, Sparine seems already a blessed success to anyone who has seen Willie with her rigidly-raised forearm and those other unfortunates suffering the results of their own sickness or folly. At least, it brings quick respite and forgetfulness to them at the climax of their agonies.

The International Banker's Standard Oil of New Jersey, and a few other large oil importing companies, are controlling their large domestic markets by *subsidizing* their own unprofitable domestic operations with extraordinary-excessive profits from their Middle East operations. As an example, Standard Oil of New Jersey, in their 1955 Annual Report, showed that they had made a profit of about 80¢ for each \$1 of their investment *in the Middle East in the one year 1955 alone*.

Disregarding this nation's welfare, six oil companies import fully 70 percent of all crude oil and products.

Congress should investigate this oil import state of affairs.

The New Arithmetic Game

by

Paul Slater

BECAUSE A. F. Blake, a young real estate broker of Warwick, Virginia, took the time to help his sons in their nightly struggles with arithmetic—he now stands an excellent chance of receiving more than \$100,000 this year, plus a substantial sum for several years to come.

About two years ago, Blake noticed that his sons were having a notable lack of success with their homework assignments in arithmetic, so Blake dreamed up a game.

“I wanted one,” said Blake, “that would incorporate the basic principles of multiplication—which seemed to be the Waterloo of my boys. As it turned out later, it was also that of lots of youngsters.”

Blake’s initial objective was modest: he hoped to intrigue his chil-

dren with the excitement and competition of a family game. What he created was a game played on a board somewhat similar to Scrabble, with each player drawing from a pool of numbered squares. As many as six people could play, and the rapid calculator had no margin over the slower figuring player—comparable to the advantage a good vocabulary gave a Scrabble player.

When his game developed quickly into an overnight hit with the kids of the neighborhood, Blake was incredulous. “I couldn’t believe that word could spread so quickly through the younger set,” he exclaimed. “I started getting a flood of requests for duplicate sets of the game from all over town.”

Until this moment, Blake hadn’t

bothered to give his game a name. In the face of the growing demand, Blake titled it, "Thirteen," and promptly headed for someone who could manufacture additional sets in quantity. The enterprising Mr. Blake was beginning to sniff the heady atmosphere of a salesmaker—and to see a rosy future.

AT NEARBY Richmond, Blake found a large paper and box manufacturing concern which was willing to produce a sizable quantity of his game at a cost of 48¢ each. With the help of the plant's production engineer, Blake solved the few problems involved with mass producing "Thirteen," and a few weeks later an ample supply was rolling off the production line.

"I set the purchase price of retailers at 99¢—with a list price for the customer at \$1.98 per set," said Blake. "I thought that I had found an easy road to quick and substantial profits for everybody."

It did look that way until, in Manhattan, he encountered the stern realities of selling "Thirteen" to the resident buyers in large department stores. At the end of a discouraging three days, tramping the city's sidewalks, Blake sat in a lonely New York hotel room contemplating the blisters pounded on his feet. As he said later, "I realized that a smash hit in Warwick wasn't necessarily an equal success in New York City, nor, for that matter, Any-Other-Town, U.S.A."

The countless buyers Blake had talked with had been interested, but they all told him the same thing: "You're too late for the Christmas season, and too early for the Spring market. Better come back in January."

Over two thousand dollars of Blake's own savings had already gone into manufacturing and promoting the game. Besides the considerable amount of time Blake had invested in trips to New York and other cities. Back in Warwick, Blake's partner in a home-building development project had been carrying on their regular business alone. He desperately needed Blake's assistance to keep the real estate enterprise progressing and on a sound financial basis. So Blake returned to Warwick, his enthusiasm considerably dampened.

However, the local department store expressed a willingness to carry his game for the Christmas season. With virtually no promotion by the store, the game created an immediate sales record with the suddenness of a flash flood. By the end of the ten days, 990 sets were sold and Blake was handed a check for nearly \$500. A short time later, he placed the game in a Norfolk toy store, and it created another sales sensation. Blake pocketed a second check—this one for \$750. It gave him the encouragement to try the bigtime New York market again.

M^{EC}CA for toy and game manufacturers is the annual Toy Fair held each January in New York, and to which troop thousands of dealers in gadgets designed to attract the eyes of kids. It would cost Blake nearly \$900 for registration fees, promotional material, hotel bills, and transportation. But, on the strength of the game's showings at the retail counters in his home area, Blake was willing to risk some more of his money.

Just prior to the opening of the Toy Fair, the world-famous Macy's department store told Blake: "We're ready to try 'Thirteen.' Send us a sizable quantity, and we will give it a good mention in our newspaper advertising." And it took just five days for Macy's to sell 1200 sets. Maybe people in New York *weren't* too different from people in Warwick!

Upon arrival in New York for the Toy Fair, Blake was approached by a complete stranger who immediately flashed a \$10,000 check for a 20 percent interest in the game. Blake declined the offer, but shortly he was offered \$30,000 for outright sale of the copyright by a second man. Blake now knew that the "wise money" had it that "Thirteen" was a potential winner.

The seasoned toy buyers soon confirmed Blake's optimism by voting his game "one of the 12 best potential money makers for 1956." By the end of the Toy Fair, "Thir-

teen" had become one of the hottest items of the season, and the trade was mentioning it as the greatest new game to come along since Scrabble.

"I suddenly saw the dawn of tomorrow in glossy, rose-tinted colors," said Blake. "On the other hand, my out-of-pocket costs still exceeded profits by nearly \$4000, and this was without reimbursement for my own time."

At this point, the good fairy, in the form of Douglas Bolton, general manager for Cadaco-Ellis, marched down the hall of the hotel where Blake was staying. Bolton represented one of the largest manufacturers of game equipment in the country, and he promptly offered Blake a tidy proposition. For an exclusive license to "Thirteen," Cadaco-Ellis would pay him immediately a sizable sum, plus a substantial royalty on the first 250,000 sales, and a larger royalty on any sales above that figure. Bolton also pointed out tactfully that the offer was the highest royalty his company had ever offered for rights to a game. Blake did not take long to accept the proposal.

Today, the game is produced by Cadaco-Ellis exactly as created by Blake, and even the retail selling price is the same. Already the game is listed in the new catalogues of leaders in the toy and game field. This is, as anyone in the trade knows, the equivalent of so much hay in the barn.

FOR the benefit of the thousands of teachers, *The Instructor*, largest publication in the field of educational service, made an evaluation of "Thirteen" and reported: "Many school applications of this game were immediately evident. It has a decided tie-up in the arithmetic program of middle and upper grades, and should have a definite place in school supplementary purchases. . . . We would recommend six sets per school library and two sets per classroom as wise purchases."

Experienced merchandisers maintain that by the end of this year, there will not be a town in America where you cannot readily pur-

chase Blake's game. Since it also cuts across all language barriers, a tremendous sale is anticipated in the foreign markets, too.

Cadaco-Ellis has been watching carefully the growing sales curve of "Thirteen," which is giving ample indication that the game will be one of the firm's best sellers. Specifically, this might mean a range of from 200,000 upward to 1,000,000 sets sold during the 1956 season. Naturally, it is understandable why Blake remains somewhat incredulous, since the latter sales figure would give him a return of over \$100,000.

"This to me is dreaming," says Blake.

Irksome Urchins

The little girl stood by the gate in front of her house, looking up and down the sidewalk. Finally a man walked past and she politely asked him whether he would open the gate for her.

"Why, certainly, little girl," said the obliging stranger. "But why didn't you open it yourself?"

"Wet paint," explained the little girl, as she skipped merrily down the street.

—M. R. BEASLEY

Three bright little lads entered a New York museum and made for the Egyptian exhibits where they told the attendant they had come to see "the dead men." He directed them to the mummies and they viewed them solemnly for about 15 minutes.

On leaving, one of the youngsters approached the attendant and asked:

"You kill them and stuff them yourself?"

—*Woodmen of the World Magazine*

COMBAT TACTICS

of the

COLD WAR



by Lt. General John W. O'Daniel, U. S. Army, Retired
Military Attaché to the American Embassy
Moscow, 1948-1950

I SERVED as Military Attaché with the American Embassy in Moscow from September 1948 until September 1950. During this two-year period, I had the opportunity to observe the Soviets and to study Communism and its method of operation. My wife and I, accompanied by a Russian speaking assistant attaché, were the first visitors to Stalingrad within two years. There we were met and entertained by the Military Commander of the area and the Secretary of the City Soviet of Stalingrad. Later I visited Smolensk where the red carpet was definitely not out. A trip by train from Moscow to Berlin was most enlightening. Several trips to Leningrad by train and air were beneficial. Other trips to Siberia were made by train and air by members of my staff as were also trips to Georgia and the Caucasus.

I talked with Eddy Gilmore, the Associated Press correspondent,

who was in Moscow during World War II and who only left there after my departure. I had conversations with two Red Army Generals of the Russian Foreign Office. I read a dozen books on Russia. I read General John I. Dean's "Strange Alliance" and wrote to him and told him he had written "the Bible" concerning the Soviets. I read Eugene Lyons' "Assignment to Utopia" and Lydell Hart's "German Generals Speak" or "The Other Side of the Hill," which I believe to be the nearest thing to the real truth that has been written about the Red Army. His material was obtained by talking with Germans who fought against the Russians in World War II.

Since my return from Moscow I have read many analyses as to what the Soviets are up to, but I have never read one that to me has spelled out the estimate by applying a military yardstick. Discipline,

so essential to any army, has been achieved throughout all the Soviet orbit. That accomplishment is one that cannot be taken from Stalin.

An army needs an "enemy" to keep it sharp and alert. The Soviets have provided enemies and have so informed their people through propaganda. At one time it was the British, then it was the Germans, and now it is the United States.

The Soviets seize upon any controversial subject to fan the flame of hate and divide groups against each other. Their agents are active everywhere fomenting this sort of dangerous action. The Soviet-dominated Communists, I believe, are waging their war according to the nine principles of warfare as we teach our own military personnel in our military schools. They are the same nine principles that we ourselves apply in waging a shooting war. They are the principles developed by Clausewitz, the classic principles of warfare. They are sound principles, and unless similar principles are applied as counter measures our chances of surviving the Soviet onslaught are questionable.

The Soviets meant exactly what they said when they stated that they consider warfare a continuous thing.

They have been students of military tactics and strategy. Vishinsky stated in a speech in 1949 on the occasion of Stalin's birthday that it was necessary for all Soviet dip-

lomats to understand military strategy and tactics and to apply them in their diplomacy with other nations.

THESE nine principles of war referred to and which I am convinced the Soviets follow are: The objective, Simplicity, Unity of Command, The offensive, Maneuver, Mass, Economy of force, Surprise, Security. Here is the analysis of each of these nine principles.

OBJECTIVE. To be successful, there must be an objective of purpose. The commander is justified in using *all means* available to him to obtain his objective.

The ultimate objective of all military operations is to destroy the effectiveness of the opponent and of his will to resist. It is by the objective that the strength of the command is directed to the defeat of the enemy. Each cell of the force cooperates to attain the objective of the larger force of which it is a part. Without an objective the other principles of war become meaningless.

The Soviet objective is Soviet controlled Communism in the entire world. They feel justified in using any and all means toward winning; for that reason, it is impossible for us to deal with the Soviets in our usual trusting manner. They recently re-emphasized the objective at the 20th Congress in Moscow in February, 1956. Until

they announce otherwise and act accordingly, their efforts toward any peaceful solution with the West is out of the question and means nothing but trouble.

The elements of strategy in gaining the Soviet objective are:

1. Political penetration.
2. Propaganda.
3. Fifth column activity and espionage.
4. Cell operations.
5. Economic penetration toward eventual control.
6. The threat of armed forces and a coordinated armed movement after the opponent is softened up by the other four elements of the offensive enumerated above.

SIMPLICITY. This principle is as the word implies. Military plans and the orders to implement them should be simple and readily understandable. Flexibility is made possible through simplicity. Unity of command, the chain of command, lead to simplicity by preventing confusion as to what is meant and what is wanted. In the chain of command one individual exerts his influence and control through a few subordinate commanders. The Soviet organization permits a shift in the propaganda line within a matter of hours.

UNITY OF COMMAND. The principle applies to team play. Each individual must fit in with other mem-

bers of the team. And in turn each small team fits in with the big team. Unity of command then is essential. It requires loyalty and discipline on the part of each individual. He must subordinate himself to the good of the whole and do his job properly in any and all conditions. Firm leadership is required of all commanders. Training is required on the part of the personnel so that they may fit into the team with all elements functioning properly.

Examples: The cellular organization of the Soviet Communist Party, which controls similar organizations throughout the entire world. *Pravada* is the worldwide "bulletin board" for Communist instructions. Shortly after the Cominform objectives were published in *Pravada* in December 1949, there was a noticeable scramble on the part of Communists in other countries to begin strikes and also to create disorders. A notable example of this was the abortive strike in Italy in December 1949. From 1950 to the present there are numerous examples of this transmission of orders.

OFFENSIVE. "Only by offensive action can a decision be gained." This implies that the attacker imposes his will upon the enemy. The offensive must be accompanied by high morale and aggressive spirit. On the other hand, a continuing defensive saps ability and breeds

a defeatist attitude. Our own military policy is to carry the fight to the enemy. Such is the Soviet method of operation. The offensive contemplates only resorting to the defensive when necessary to gain time and to economize at one point in order to permit the offensive at another.

The Soviets maintain the offensive by creating world wide unrest by charges of "warmongering" and by "peace" offensives. The "sabre rattling" by the Red Army is a contributing force. We are now being subjected to an all-out offensive against us in all fields but shooting.

MANEUVER. This means the placing of troops in the direction of the enemy in order to provide the necessary mass at the proper time and place for the attainment of the objective. The Soviets do this through propaganda and the threat toward the West which the mass of troops in Germany and Poland imply. The Chinese Army, the North Koreans and the Viet Minh apply the same tactics. Peace offensives are maneuvers to throw sand in the eyes of the gullible as to the real intention, which is Soviet controlled world wide Communism.

MASS. The principle of mass means the concentration of power to strike an overwhelming blow at the enemy's weak point so as to destroy him or put him in a position for later destruction. Again the peace

offensive is one example. The principle of mass also applies to superiority in discipline, resolution, fire power, training, and leadership. Deception plays a big part in the application of this principle.

The Soviets also attempt to gain this through concentration on heavy industry, in the Soviet economy at the expense of consumer goods, intensive disciplinary requirements, Five Year Plans, shock battalions and ruthless purges. Banners and medals are awarded to leaders who increase production.

ECONOMY OF FORCE. The minimum of force must be used in all places except at the place of the main effort, but all the operations must contribute to the success of the main effort.

The Soviets use women workers, prisoners of war and political prisoners while employing the male population in military training and heavy industry. The Soviets have sat in the background and watched others do the fighting as exemplified in Greece and Korea.

SURPRISE. This implies applying all other principles, but as a surprise. Secrecy of plans, strength, concealing location of troops, troop movements, diversions are all aimed at obtaining surprise. Surprise has been a goal of commanders in all wars. He who maintains the initiative is in a better position to use surprise tactics than the defender.

Soviet action in Czechoslovakia, Poland, Hungary, Rumania, and Bulgaria and the double-cross of the Allies after World War II are examples of surprise. The ruthless, sneak attack by North Korea against South Korea is a recent example of surprise when applied to warfare.

SECURITY. Through this the enemy is prevented from interfering with the freedom of action. Through security one tries to prevent the enemy from surprising him. The Soviets appreciate this principle and apply it to the extreme through MVD, MGB, restriction of movement of foreigners, informers, censorship, discipline of people, fifth column activity, and government control of everything.

THE SOVIETS do not follow combat principles by accident, but are applying them deliberately and energetically. This must be recognized by all walks of life. The Soviets have applied and are applying the principles of war to the strategy of waging the cold war. They are conducting their preparatory fires by means of propaganda. They are attempting to soften us up with this barrage and to create

uncertainty among our people. They hope to infiltrate behind our lines and to mine our fortress. They hope through dissension and unrest to set the date for the day of final assault. That day will be when we ourselves have failed to observe the application of these logical, sound principles of war and that such things are being applied to us now.

What is the solution? It is the same solution we would apply in an actual shooting war.

First of all, an estimate of the situation, an objective, and sound plans to carry out the operations. We must bring all of our guns to bear in counter-battery against Soviet propaganda and direct them not only at the heart of the Soviet Union itself, but to our friendly countries as well.

We must unify our forces and develop teamwork throughout the whole democratic world in order to beat this enemy in the cold war. We must be the bulwark and rallying point for our friendly countries, and therefore must by example demonstrate that we are prepared to stand against the Soviet in every respect. We must wage a more aggressive counter-offensive of our own.

On a single-lane highway, the woman driver held out her left arm and traffic behind her came to a screaming halt. She stuck out her head and called to the driver in the car braked to within two inches of her rear fender, "Is this the second turn to the right?"



SEX **and** **Teen-Age Marriages**

by Jesse C. Burt

THIS is the story of two fifteen-year-old lovers we'll call Maclin and Janet. Step by step, they carried out a drama known to many youth writers, known to many a family. The story of this teen-age man and wife is deeply rooted in the paradoxes and passions of these times.

For persons of thirteen or fourteen to profess, "We're in love," and then do their best to prove that assertion, no longer excites much comment.

Because of a variety of reasons, the so-called standard of chastity, or the single standard, is under attack as never before. This was brought out in both of the Kinsey

reports on sexual behavior among males and females.

This case of Maclin and Janet points to another problem. The teen age married couple is appearing in ever-increasing numbers in grades eight through twelve in the public schools. Many educators believe that married couples add up to a difficult and many-sided issue.

The Hot Springs, Arkansas, plan is getting close study from many school administrators. According to this plan, the married couple-to-be is required to file advance notice of matrimony if school is in session. If, and when the marriage takes place, the youthful husband and

wife are granted a two weeks' leave from classes and homework for marital adjustment.

Such a plan is not absurd. The United States Census for 1950 proves that plenty of teenagers are married. The times are prosperous. Youth can elope in the waiting auto. There is a general reluctance to hold the reins too tight.

In 1950, there were 109,560 teen-aged individuals, 14 to 16 years of age, who were, or had been married. In the 17-18 year old group, the total jumped to 457,580.

Our story of Maclin and Janet has to be fitted into the background which the foregoing paragraphs suggest. But the specific importance of the story is what it shows about sex and teen-age marriage. It is an informal sociological document of our times. The story tells much about adults, too, and their attitudes and practices. It presents an important teen-age problem and indicates what we, as adults, must do to solve it.

Janet and Maclin came from \$5,000 to \$7,000 a year homes. They were not bad youngsters. They were intelligent. Maclin wanted to become a physician.

One Friday afternoon, Maclin and Janet hopped in a car and eloped. They knew where to go to be married. They went to one of the, at least, 57 towns, found in 29 states, where you don't have to wait to get the license and don't have to prove your age.

As Janet remembered, "They didn't ask us any questions about anything. It was easy to get married."

Now Janet and Maclin had been allowed a great deal of freedom by their loving parents. At thirteen, both were having "movie dates." At fourteen, they had "car dates." These dates took place without any adult companionship. Maclin told a case worker later, "Well, Old Mother Nature just took her course. We did a lot of heavy petting."

Then, they were "going steady." Sometimes there would be a "smooching session" in Janet's parlor. She had learned to turn up the volume of the record player. She explained, "Making love is noisy. Mother heard us one night, and she really was browned off." Her mother scolded her but made no effort to discuss the "going steady problem" with Maclin's parents.

After a date with Janet, Maclin would go home, "all full of torment so I couldn't sleep." It was the same for Janet. Being healthy young persons, they explored most of the nuances of sex. Then, as Maclin argued, "We just couldn't help it. We had held back so long. Besides we were going steady. So, why not?"

As it turned out, Maclin and Janet were luckier than many youngsters. Senator William Lang-er, of the Senate Juvenile Delin-

quency Subcommittee, has revealed, "We found, after making an extensive investigation in several southern states, that in practically every school system there had been a number of pregnancies' reported within recent years. In one of these cities, where the schools serve 100,000 pupils, we learned there had been 350 pregnancies within the past year."

On the West Coast, the five Salvation Army hospitals served 1,231 unmarried mothers in 1953. Sixty percent of them were under 21 years of age; thirty percent of these last were under 18 years of age.

Janet later told a case worker what it was like to return to school, after the thrilling elopement. "You can't imagine how catty girls can be. Did they ever look me up and down. Somebody left a baby rattler in my locker. They told me I had had a scandal marriage."

Maclin said, "Yeah. The guys kidded me about making it legal. It was pretty broad, I tell you."

Then Janet and Maclin began to learn that sex has its consequences. In three months, Janet was pregnant. She felt let down. "The boy is supposed to take care of that," she said.

The mothers and fathers began to learn the consequences of allowing too much casual freedom. They couldn't meet all the expenses. Maclin had to drop out of the ninth grade and forget his ambitions. He took a job parking cars. It was as

good as he could find, with his lack of education.

SIX MONTHS of this was enough for Maclin. One night he stormed out at Janet, "When I look at you, all I see is trouble." At seventeen, Janet was a divorced mother. With only a ninth-grade education, she was poorly equipped to provide for her child.

This case calls attention to the problem of the young divorced person in the United States. In the 17-year-old, or younger group, there were 3,930 divorced females in 1950. In the 18-year-old group there were 4,650.

But the significance of this story of a scandal marriage is the way it indicates a teen-age problem that adults must solve.

"Scandal marriages" must be viewed in the total framework of society. Teen-aged persons are a vigorous, though inexperienced, segment of that society.

We might heed what Dr. Georgia Harkness, a distinguished, liberal theologian, has said on the problems of sex and young people. She has declared: "The young persons of today, growing up as they have had to in the midst of an adult generation in turmoil and with a war and military service in the offing, can hardly be blamed for lack of consistent moral ideals and a settled purpose."

Canon Bernard Iddings Bell, adviser to Episcopal students at the

University of Chicago, finds that America's culture is based on the premise that "our animal appetites are mighty and to be sacrificed unto if we would enjoy a satisfactory existence; and the chief of all the appetites is sex."

IT SHOULD be remembered that marriage in these United States often is casual. In 1954, there were 1,490,000 marriages. In the same year, there were 379,000 divorces and annulments.

We preach constantly to young people about the sacred nature of motherhood, and about the importance of fidelity in marriage. But what happens? Why, it has just been announced that a certain European actress, who gave birth to another man's child while married to yet another man, will appear on the top-rated Sunday night TV show. This program, incidentally, announces itself as a "family program, with clean entertainment for the whole family."

I discussed the problem of teenage scandal marriages with Dr. Paul Popenoe of Los Angeles. He is director of The American Institute of Family Relations. He pointed out that the papers are continually telling about the matrimonial hijinks of "persons in the entertainment world or otherwise conspicuous." He concluded, "Actually the reason for eloping to an adjoining state seems largely to be the feeling that you are doing something a

little thrilling and devilish and that it is fashionable to do so."

After first looking to ourselves, our attitudes, our actual practices, we adults might look at the marriage laws of this country. Legal sociologists point out that these laws manifest the greatest diversity. This is particularly true in the highly strategic item of the marriage license. In 1956, nine states, plus the District of Columbia, did not even require a blood test of prospective couples. In 25 states, you were issued a license immediately, without a waiting period. In 43 states you were entitled to marry at once after getting the license to wed. Under our Duke's Mixture marriage laws a man can take on seven wives in seven different states—if he wants to do that much travelling—and not be liable for prosecution!

This legal situation has been seriously adjudged by many authorities as the worst that exists in any Occidental country. In America, speed to the point of haste is the rule. In one large city, couples are "processed" into matrimony at the rate of 22 per hour.

Furthermore, because there is no sameness among state marriage laws, couples of all ages seek out the "easy states." This makes for evasion and fraud. This is the day of the automobile. This is a day when it's easy to get married.

Tennessee's Governor Frank G. Clement, recent keynote speaker

for the Democratic National Convention, sees the need for tightening the marriage laws. Referring specifically to teen-age scandal marriages, Governor Clement indicated recently, "There needs to be safeguards to protect those who need protection from actions which appear legal on one side and a little short of immoral on the other."

In formal action in 1950, the American Bar Association urged that the state legislatures adopt the Uniform Marriage License Application Act. This was prepared by the National Conference of Commissioners on State Laws. It has been approved by the American Eugenics Society, numerous other groups, and by individuals. The Act requires a blood test, records of all license applications, and a waiting period of five days. That is, the prospective man and wife must wait five days, after filing for a license, to get it. It is up to the states to adopt this Act, since it is not a Federal measure. So far, only five of the 48 states have done so.

UNIFORMITY of marriage laws is one phase of the solution of any and all scandal marriages. All of us are aware that scandalous marriages are not confined exclusively to teen-agers.

Another phase is in the realm of attitudes. Teen-agers need instruction in parenthood. They need to know that things besides sex are at the heart of marriage. They need to learn that dishwashing does, in fact, keep the wedding ring bright. They need to learn that every area of life has a law of consequences, and that this is true of sex and "getting married." They need guidance. They need to get it in the home.

Saner attitudes will be helped along by discipline. This works best, says famed Dr. Arnold Gesell, of Yale, when it is exerted in a manner of courtesy and good will. Young people need controls in the use of automobiles, in the spending of money, and in dating privileges. Discipline, linked with responsible adult attitudes, with much needed legal reform, will remarkably improve the atmosphere.

The beginner golfer had hired the golf pro to teach him the finer points of the game. After several lessons he still showed little improvement but his enthusiasm was undiminished. As they started out one morning the novice inquired anxiously, "When do I use the putter?"

The weary pro shrugged slightly and replied, "Some time before dark, I hope."



Man's Best Friend — **The SPIDER**

by
Leicester Hemingway

BLESSED with intelligence, memory and a prehensile thumb, man considers himself a pretty superior being. Yet millions of years before he learned to warm his cave with fire or trap a wild beast, certain of his fellow creatures were doing things he has only recently learned to do. They were ballooning through the upper atmosphere, diving under water with oxygen tanks, and designing snares so intricate that even modern science can't duplicate them.

These wonder-workers belong to

an ancient family called *Araneida* —the spider family. The common spiders are some of the most uncommon creatures ever to evolve on earth. They are also among the most numerous. Naturalist W. S. Bristowe took a spider census on a grassy plot in England which showed that 2,265,000 of them were living on and under a single acre of land.

Spiders, though not generally popular, are true friends of man. Some scientists believe that human life could not exist without them.

For a spider's entire life is devoted to snaring and devouring insects which might otherwise multiply and desolate the earth.

It has been estimated that each year the spiders in England and Wales destroy insects more than equal in weight to the entire human population of that area.

No climate is too rugged for the family *Araneida*. They live at an altitude of 22,000 feet on Mount Everest, 5000 feet above the vegetation line, and they have been found in caves 2000 feet below the earth's surface.

PIONEERS among creatures leaving the sea to forge new lives on land, spiders have highly developed nervous systems, brains capable of memory and remarkable engineering abilities. They construct traps or lassoes to catch their prey. Wingless, they "fly" in balloons. Although they all breathe air, some species live under water. Others run over the water as if it were land. Their greatest talent, however, is the ability to spin silken nets for capturing their prey.

Not even man has been able to duplicate the fineness of spider silk. With a tensile strength far greater than steel and second only to fused quartz, this silk can be stretched a fifth of its length before it breaks. A strand that can be seen with the naked eye is usually a cable composed of several tiny threads. Some threads are only

a millionth of an inch thick. Many molecules are wider than that.

Speaking of spider silk, most people think immediately of the orb web, that symmetrical masterpiece that ornaments every backyard and garden spot. Really quite beautiful when jewelled with early morning dew or with frost in the fall, the orb web is above all an excellent insect trap. As the great naturalist, Fabre, said, "What refinement of art for a mess of flies!"

About three thousand different spider species weave orb webs. All spiders have nipple-like spinnerets—usually three pairs, sometimes two, rarely one—located near the end of the abdomen. On each spinneret are a number of minute orifices through which the secretion of the silk glands is expelled. In spinning a web, the tips of the spinnerets are brought together so that the streams of secretion unite in a single thread. The first line of silk laid is known as the bridge, and is more or less horizontal. The weaver may attach a strand to a blade of tall grass or a stump, drop down on it, and then climb to a point across from the original attachment and pull the line taut. Or it may simply tilt up its abdomen and spin out silk, much as a small boy would reel out the string of a kite. When the silk catches at some point, the spider fixes the free end. You often see webs stretched across creeks. This is how such obstacles are spanned.

Once a bridge is established, the orb weaver scurries back and forth, reinforcing it at every point of stress. Then a plumb line is dropped from one end of the bridge, a lower bridge is built, and a second plumb line fixed opposite the first to form an aerial frame, which can be a square, a triangle or a many-sided figure. The spider spins over these foundation lines for as long as they hold they may be used again. If an orb is damaged by heavy prey, it can be snipped loose and a new net built within the same foundation.

From the upper bridge, the spider drops down on a diameter line, and from its center spins the radii. When these are all in place, the spider goes to the center and spins a few turns or a tight mesh, known as the hub. Around this she spins a temporary spiral and finally the outer spiral, which catches insects. This outer spiral is sticky. The spider can spin dry silk, or strands with glue-like film.

Now the spider builds a safe retreat above and to one side of the completed orb. For this it rolls a leaf, and spins a silken nest inside. A guy-line is strung from the center of the web to the nest so that when an insect lands on the web the news is "telegraphed" to the home owner.

WHEN such news arrives, the spider hurries out to examine the visitor. If it is not too formid-

able, it is quickly trussed up and carried back to the den or eaten on the spot if the spider is hungry. Often the prey is much larger and stronger than the spider. Then the approach is more cautious. With its front legs, the spider may reach out and tap the gyrating monster, trying to decide upon the best way to handle the prey. Having very poor eyesight, the spider is using its keen sense of touch to find out what type of prey has been snared. If it is a deadly foe, such as some wasps, it will be cut loose. Otherwise, the spider grabs some of its legs, kicking the captive over and over while combing strong silk around it. If the hapless insect struggles violently, a bit of poison may be administered during the trussing up. When the spider is ready to dine it bathes the prey in digestive juices, for it must take its food in liquid form.

Most of the webs we see have been spun by female spiders. Male spiders usually are smaller than females, build smaller webs, and seldom survive long after they reach sexual maturity. One of the most common orb webs is that of *Argiope aurantia*, the garden spider with lustrous black coat and orange spots on each side. Her net may be two feet or more in diameter, and is ornamented through the center with a zigzag band of white, flossy silk.

The web of the common house spider, *Theridion tepidariorum*, is

an irregular maze that brings out the wrath and the broom of every fastidious housewife. But it is an ingenious booby trap that catches more than dust. When an insect flutters against one of the taut guy lines which support the web, the line snaps like a rubber band and jerks the victim into the maze. If the weight of the catch is so great that the line remains stretched, the spider uses amazing engineering know-how to complete the capture. She pulls certain threads, tightens them, and spins out additional strands, hoisting her prey nearer and nearer. Although she herself is seldom larger than a pea, she has been seen to lift small snakes and mice.

The dome spider, *Linyphia marginata*, is a dusky creature only about one-sixth of an inch long, who spins a filmy sheet and shapes it into a five-inch dome. She waits beneath this dome until some insect flies into her tangled lines above. Eagerly she shakes the web until the insect drops through the maze onto the top of the dome. Then she pulls it through the delicate sheet and binds it with silk.

NOT ALL spiders depend on webs for their food supply. The bolas spider, *Mastophora* "the magnificent," is a trapeze artist who swings into action when the sun sets. Beneath a branch she builds her trapeze, then spins a new thread, combing lots of sticky silk

into a globule at the end. She grabs this thread with a front appendage and hangs onto the trapeze with her hind legs. When some nocturnal moth flutters by, she swings out and casts the sticky globule at her prey. She seldom misses.

In addition to her hunting prowess, *Mastophora* is a highly successful master of camouflage. When she sits quietly on a twig she is often mistaken for a bud, a nut, a bit of bird dung, even a snail. Pick her up, and she plays 'possum, rolling about in your palm like a marble.

For pure theatrical ability, the ant-mimics outrank all other spiders. Some of these spiders even run in the zigzag motion of ants holding up their forelegs to look like antennae. Because ants are shunned by many of the spider's natural enemies, the mimics thus gain protection. Some even live in an ant colony, dining on ant pupae and apparently unmolested by their hosts.

The ambushing crab spiders are also masters of camouflage, resembling buds, nuts, dry seeds and blades of grass. A milky white when nestled down in fleabane or other white flowers, *Misumena vatia* turns a shining yellow when she migrates to the golden rod. Almost invisible within the nodding blossom, she waits for her prey to light. Although she is a pygmy compared to the bees and wasps, she overcomes them.

FISHER SPIDERS depend on neither web nor camouflage. They are hunters, and most are giants among their fellow spiders. Some span five inches from hind foot to fore, although the body may be little more than one inch in length. They usually live on insects, but they may catch young trout and other fish. A typical American species is *Dolomedes triton*, a beautiful creature of greyed green marked with silvery stripes. She is often seen sitting with her hind legs resting on some water plant, her forelegs dimpling the surface of the water. If frightened, she scurries across the pond so lightly that she never breaks the surface.

Only one species, *Argyroneta aquatica*, is a true water spider and actually lives beneath the surface for long periods. A native of Eurasia, she is a drab, dark brown creature on land, but once she has submerged she resembles a shining globe of quicksilver, for she carries her air with her.

Argyroneta lives, mates, moults, and rears her young in her watery domicile, yet she, like all spiders, is an air-breathing creature. In the spring, she spins a tight waterproof sheet of silk between the stems of water plants a few inches below the surface. Then she swims up, hoists her abdomen out of the water and flops down on a large bubble of air. Quickly she swims down to the sheet, releases the air under

it, and goes back up for more. Many trips later she has "blown" the tight-knit sheet into a tiny diving bell. It will be her home until autumn, when she builds winter quarters deeper in the water. When the air in the bell grows stale, she cuts a hole in the top and allows it to escape. Then she quickly repairs the rent and refills the bell.

In the mating season, a male builds a smaller bell close to *Argyroneta*'s home, then spins a silken tunnel to connect the two. Unlike most spiders, the male is the larger and is in less danger when he comes to woo. Even so, both homes are often wrecked in quarreling, but one will be rebuilt after the couple has been reconciled. When the young hatch they live in the lower portion of the bell until they are ready to swim off with their own tiny bubbles of air to spin new nests.

Underground spiders show nearly as much individuality in their burrows as the web weavers show in their nets. The majority of the burrowers are tarantulas or trap-door spiders and are generally larger than other spiders, averaging more than an inch in length. Some of these giants are four inches long in body alone. Their tunnels are truly remarkable homes. They are cooler in summer and warmer in winter than most spider houses, and their construction calls for special talents.

One of the simplest burrows is

the "cork nest" of *Bothriocyrtum californicum*, a tarantula common in southern California. The tube, completely lined with silk, is about seven inches long. The "cork" is a beveled closing, composed of alternate layers of dirt and silk. *Bothriocyrtum* tips up the cork lid and catches her dinner as it passes close by. If an enemy approaches, she quickly closes the door and holds it, forming a "bolt" with her own body. Even with a knife, it is difficult to pry up the cork.

Actinoxia and *Mermakiphila* build a more complex nest and close it with a "wafer" door made almost entirely of silk. It is held in place with hinges, and may be covered with moss, stones, and twigs.

ANOTHER burrower is *Atypoides riversi*, the common turret spider, who camouflages her chimney or turret with vegetation. A close cousin, *Antrodiactus*, closes her tiny entrance way with two hinged doors. She holds them almost closed, watching out the slit between. When her prey walks by she throws them back and drags the victim in.

The popular belief that all female spiders eat their mates after love-making is not true. Even the Black Widow, falsely named for this practice, may allow a male to walk away unharmed, and many male spiders are so tiny that they can crawl over the female unnoticed. In a few species the male is

little more than a spermatophore, a thousand times smaller than the female. But web-weaving spiders use the telegraph technique in courting. A male will pluck strands of the web or shake it vigorously to let the female know he is there. If she is not in a courting mood, she lets him know and he drops hastily from the net. But courtship is nonetheless a perilous procedure, and the preparations for it are complicated.

When the mating urge is upon him, the male spins a tiny, close-knit web. On this he deposits his sperm. Touching it with his pedipalps—small, leg-like appendages on each side of his head—he draws the sperm into his palpi and is ready to wander in search of a mate. Some crafty males spin "bridal veils" for the ladies of their choice. With this thin web, a female is strapped down and rendered unable to wreak vengeance on her mate.

Most spiders with keen eyesight make much of the prenuptial dance. Wigwagging with his pedipalps, a male may make large circles with his front legs, raise and lower his legs over his back, and twitch his body violently. *Habrocestum pulex* raises his body on one side and moves in a rapid semi-circle around the female, reverses himself and moves in a semi-circle back. He may circle her as many as a hundred times before being rewarded by her acceptance.

Pisaura mirabilis carefully "gift-wraps" an insect and presents it to his prospective mate. With her appetite satisfied, she shows little interest in attacking him. Observers say he sometimes outwits himself. First sucking dry the insect, he presents his mate with an empty shell—a bit of trickery he may not live to regret.

The number of matings during one season vary greatly from species to species, and so do the number of eggs produced. Some females lay only one or two at a time. Others produce up to 3000. Types of egg sacs also vary greatly. One of the most complex is constructed by the common orange garden spider. The pear-shaped bag hangs near her web, and within its dry, yellowish cover is a lovely nursery, lined with a fluffy covering of rust-colored silk. The eggs lie on a brown silk sheet, covered with a "feather bed" of soft, yellow tufts and suspended from a yellow canopy.

Egg sacs are often camouflaged with bits of mud and leaves, and some smart web weavers place their eggs in several baskets so that at least a percentage will be safe. Some spider mothers carry their egg sacs in their mouths, or attached to their spinnerets, and they will put up a strenuous fight if anyone attempts to steal their precious cargo.

A great many kinds of spiders "balloon." During the sunny days

of spring and fall, the tiny spiderlings venture forth from their snug nurseries. No larger than pinheads, they build scaffoldings from which to fly, or else climb a stem of grass a clod of dirt, or a fence post. Once a take-off point is established, the spiderlings tilt their abdomens, spin out lines of silk, and keep spinning until a breeze catches their silken chutes and wafts them to new territory.

Most spiderlings float along at heights below 200 feet, but some have been found maneuvering in the stratosphere. How do these delicate infants survive the bitter cold? No one knows for sure, but Prof. Auguste Piccard is said to have found his black-painted gondola warm even though it was far below zero outside when his balloon reached the upper altitudes. And chiefly black spiderlings have been found so high.

Baby spiders have descended on the rigging of ships 200 miles from shore, and scientists believe many species have spread to foreign lands by ballooning. Once the little pilgrims have landed, they immediately set about building homes. Working as surely as their elders, they spin their tiny webs and await their prey.

THESE tiny spiders are among the most universally feared creatures on earth, yet the bite of most of them hurts a human no more than a pinprick. Curious sci-

entists face great difficulties in getting the creatures to bite, for unless one is virtually cornered in a shoe or sleeping bag, it would rather run for cover than take on a monster millions of times its size.

The Black Widow, some tarantulas and a few other spiders have a strong poison. The Black Widow's venom is some 15 times as potent as that of a rattlesnake, but bite for bite, the spider's supply is

minute, and therefore not necessarily lethal. In an average year in the United States poisonous snakes kill more people than Black Widows have killed in 200 years.

If your first reaction to a spider is to kill it, stop and think before you act. In stamping out the life of the spider you are eliminating one of man's most potent allies in the never ending war against the insects.

"The Communist party is currently streamlining its underground apparatus . . . with the expectation that they will be able to come out into a more open activity by reason of the general political atmosphere created as a result of the Geneva conference, and what they characterize as a growing understanding of Communism in this country.

"Their tactics will be concealed and will emerge through Communist-front organizations and through so-called liberal groups which they are able to infiltrate and interest in their behalf. That is where their program for proselyting and penetrating front organizations has been paying dividends for them.

"There is no question but that the Communist party in this country is a fifth-column potential."

— J. EDGAR HOOVER, *Director*
Federal Bureau of Investigation

Cargo in the Clouds

by

James H. Winchester

ON the evening of August 10, 1944, Lieutenant Edmond H. Mitchell, Jr., lead navigator for a group of India-based heavy U.S. bombers, climbed up the ladder of a B-29 and plotted a course across 2,000 miles of jungle and ocean to the island of Sumatra.

The mission—to smash the rich oil refineries at Palembang—was completely successful.

Several years later Mitchell came back to Palembang once more. This time he guided a four-engined DC-4 "Airtrader." Now his mission was a peaceful one. The Seaboard & Western Airlines cargo plane, for which he was the navigator, carried not bombs but more than six tons of equipment needed to restore the same refinery he'd once helped destroy back to its pre-war capacity of 47,000 barrels daily.

Such jobs as this delivery of vital oil industry equipment almost overnight from the U.S. to Sumatra is an example of how America's new merchant marine of the air—following in the footsteps of our early Yankee Clipper ships—is

helping to revolutionize international shipping.

Taking only a fraction of the time consumed by surface vessels and eliminating lengthy warehouse delays and trans-shipments, with all the resultant pilferage and breakage, air freight lifts cargo over congested ports and national boundaries. The speed of delivery by air allows for tapping season markets, meeting peak demands, speedier collections, reduction of business losses through currency fluctuations, savings in warehouse storage, insurance and interest charges and a general closer gearing of sales operations to market conditions.

These aerial mariners, in writing a new chapter of business tactics, have already reached a point where it is possible for London department stores to advertise their bargains in New York newspapers. You select the item you want, telephone the firm's New York representative and he cables London. That night's freight plane whisks the goods across the Atlantic.

You get delivery next morning.

Already, textiles are being completed in Italian factories today, flown to New York and delivered to looms in Pennsylvania factories, all in less than 24 hours.

THE SPEED and nonchalance with which the crews of today's aerial freighters make such miracles of global delivery possible is a far cry from 1924—when Lieutenants Lowell Smith and Erik Nelson took 175 days to complete the first successful round-the-world flight. Captain Dick Rossi, now a pilot for the Flying Tiger Line, was still a youngster when that historic flight was headline news. Such are the times, however, that when Rossi recently completed exactly the same round-the-world flight, carrying 12,000 pounds of cargo, in less than a week's time, not a newspaper in the world carried a single line about it.

"Why should they?" Rossi asks with a grin. "I wouldn't remember it myself except for one thing. When we left Los Angeles the crew got together and worked out our estimated time of arrival back home. We flew more than 22,000 miles, made stops in New York, Newfoundland, Ireland, Paris, Syria, Arabia, Pakistan, India, Malaya, Guam and Hawaii. And we arrived back in Los Angeles within six minutes of our original estimate."

Virtually non-existent a decade

ago, commercial air freight has grown today into one of the lustiest young divisions of the air transport industry. Air freight promise for future expansion is even greater. Nearly two billion ton-miles of air cargo will be moved by domestic U.S. airlines this year alone. Overseas and foreign air carriers will haul even more tonnage. Huge all-freight planes, such as the new Super-Constellations flown by Seaboard & Western over the North Atlantic, with a cabin length twice as great as that of a railroad boxcar, are now commonplace.

Willis G. Lipscomb, vice-president in charge of traffic and sales for globe-circling Pan American World Airways, says:

"Within the next ten years airline revenue from cargo will equal if not surpass passenger revenues."

Pan American says that its cargo planes can now carry almost any manufactured product. The airline has airlifted a steamshovel from Texas to South America, among other heavy items, and they foresee the day in the not-too-distant future when bulk products such as oil and grain will go by air.

The end of World War II gave the air freight business the big impetus it needed. Hundreds of two- and four-engined cargo planes, released by the military, were available for a fraction of their original cost, or even on a low monthly rental basis. Thousands of skilled pilots, navigators, radio operators

and flight engineers, trained to fly anywhere in the world, were available.

ALL of the world's scheduled airlines—the giants such as Pan American, Air France, BOAC, TWA, KLM and Scandanavian Airlines System—today are almost as much in the air freight business as they are in the passenger trade. Several other lines—Seaboard & Western, Slick, the Flying Tigers, Transocean—concentrate, largely, on freight alone.

Air cargo, by stimulating new markets and new ways of business, is helping to keep production and commerce in high gear today. Here is an example of how this new means of trade is keeping business going at an accelerated clip:

At four o'clock one afternoon a Kansas City fur company purchased 2,000 muskrat skins. A few minutes later the firm sold them to a New York buyer who happened to be in Kansas City. The skins were sent to New York via TWA air freight, arriving there about the same time the check for payment arrived in Kansas City. No funds were tied up in the transaction, the market did not have a chance to fluctuate and the skins were in transit only a few hours. A continuous production flow was assured the New York factory without depending upon a backlogged inventory.

Air shipping, the air freight lines stress, makes possible these specific advantages:

1. Faster turnover—increased volume: Goods reach markets faster; capital is released faster to be used again to produce more goods. The faster the turnover, the greater the volume possibilities.

2. Wider distribution: Perishables can be sent to more places farther away. Timely merchandise, such as fashions, goes on sale coast-to-coast within a matter of hours.

3. Smaller inventories: Inventory replacements can be made overnight. Storage space is saved. Large-scale markdowns are prevented.

4. Reduce spoilage! Speed in transit practically eliminates spoilage of perishables, assumes freshness, widens markets, ups sales prices.

5. Elimination of warehousing! Day-by-day shipments by air, direct to the customer, eliminates the high cost of warehousing.

6. Added sales value! Merchandise is fresher upon arrival. Thus sales values are increased.

In the United States today practically every city in the nation with an airport capable of handling two- or four-engined aircraft has air freight service in one form or another.

However, inter-continental and trans-oceanic air freight enjoys even greater advantages and possibilities for economic growth than

does the domestic segment of the industry. Domestically, air freight competes with a far-flung transportation network including ship, rail, freight truck and rail express. Across the ocean the airplane's only competition is the steamship. Airport-to-airport shipping time between the United States and Western Europe averages less than 24 hours. Port-to-port time of fast passenger ships, other than a handful of luxury liners, ranges from seven to ten days. Freighters require from 12 to 15 days.

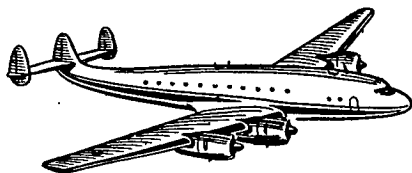
The port-to-port time does not necessarily reflect accurate elapsed time between pickup of shipment and delivery. Surface trans-shipment from tidewater to inland points can require anywhere from one to 25 additional days, depending upon transportation connections, customs and other frontier delays and the increased dead time prompted by additional handling. Modern surface freighters, with large capacity and complex hold structures, often require as much as six working days for loading and unloading.

It is in eliminating much of these costly delays that the air freight business is realizing much of its present potential. Replacements for disabled ships are a typical example. Charges for a six-ton rudder stock, shipped by air from New York to Singapore, are higher than similar freight charges by boat. But when it is considered

that the idling time of a \$6,000-ton tanker costs upwards of \$4,500 a day, air transport proves good economics.

BECAUSE each cargo is usually different, no air freight flight anywhere today can be called typical. Take this recent trans-Atlantic crossing by a Seaboard & Western "Air-trader." The cargo is typically untypical. Sixteen different consignments. Break it down and you get an idea of who is sending what by air these days. There's nearly a ton of airplane parts for an airline in Paris; a ton-and-a-half of dried blood plasma for the Directorate of Civil Medical Stores in Baghdad, Iraq; an airplane engine for a grounded plane in Zurich, Switzerland; 300 pounds of 22 carat gold, packed in five boxes, for a jeweler in Germany; sun glasses for a Brussels importer; blasting caps for a mine in Northern Rhodesia; radio receiving tubes for a firm in Milan, Italy; rubber tires for a Paris contractor; wool sweaters to an importer in Stuttgart, Germany; 329 pounds of raw furs for a Brussels furrier; sample lots of motor fuel to a Paris chemist; snap fasteners for a Swiss dress manufacturer; air compressor parts for a Brussels builder; sound recording tapes for a Geneva importer; 4,217 pounds of women's dresses for a Belgium department store and an office intercom system going to Switzerland.

While the air freight crews regard flying an ocean or winging around the world as commonplace, the ease and speed with which they shrink the world—when you think about it—is overwhelming. Africa is as close to New York by air as Chicago is by train.



WALLACE NETH, an ex-pilot who grounded himself to become traffic director for Seaboard & Western, is typical of the modern-day air freight executives. He isn't fazed now by any request he receives, no matter how odd the cargo. Recently his phone rang. Henry Trefflich, New York's famed animal dealer, "was on the other end.

"How about flying a load of elephants from Bangkok?" Trefflich inquired. Neth quoted a price. Before the deal was finished Seaboard & Western wound up with a flying zoo . . . six baby elephants, 116 Java monkeys, four gibbons, four leopards, two rare Golden cats and a 23-foot python.

Horses, blooded cattle and other livestock are routine shipments on all air freight carriers today. At the end of the last war, cattle herds in Europe, South America and elsewhere were badly depleted. Today, with substantially the help of air freight, these herds have been rebuilt.

Not the least advantage of the growing number of large all-cargo planes is the civil reserve fleet they

provide to back up our military in times of emergency. The value of these cargo carriers already has been illustrated by their usefulness in the Berlin and Korean airlifts.

"Such support to the military is of prime strategic value," D.W. Rentzel, chairman of the board of Slick Airways and a former under-secretary of commerce, points out. "It means that vast fleets of military transport planes, and the crews to fly them, need not be stockpiled at high cost to the taxpayers in peacetime."

As air freight continues to grow in volume and popularity, the problems connected with it increase, of course. One air freight line recently had to keep a valuable, blooded race horse in its airplane at New York International Airport for more than 48 hours after arrival because inspectors for the Bureau of Animal Husbandry had left for the week-end. Scheduling such flights and shipments to

arrive when inspectors are on duty is only one of an air freight operator's headaches.

Explosives can be a big problem, too. Clearances have to be obtained from a dozen different agencies and from every airport along the route to be flown. Insurance rates for plane and crew have to be adjusted. So much paper work is involved in flying explosives that one

air freight carrier set a minimum fee of \$5,000 for any such shipment, regardless of its weight.

Headaches and all, whether it's explosives, elephants or a vitally-needed part to get a disabled tanker back in service, air freight stands ready to do the job today. Its services, young and growing, are already an accepted means of business transportation.

Not So Modern As We Think!

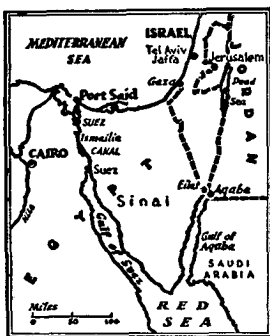
Most people believe the safety pin was invented in the last century. In reality, it was invented more than 2,000 years ago, probably by an Egyptian. These ancient pins can be seen today by the hundreds in museums. Like our modern safety pins, these have bow, catch and pin; but, unlike ours, these are artistic as well as useful. They are made of bronze, silver and gold and many are beautifully shaped.

And who says the vending machine is a modern invention? Sometime between 200 B.C. and 100 B.C., an Egyptian made a coin machine. Combining religion and profit, this was a sacrificial vessel which poured forth holy water after the customer inserted five drachmas.

Round about 2500 B.C., Crete, an island just off the Greek coast, had a sewerage system as good as we have today. And in the excavated city of Pompeii are lead pipes which were made 2,000 years ago. You can turn an ancient faucet, just like those we use now, and water will flow through these pipes and cause the play of fountains which the Pompeiians watched long ago.

They had bicycles in Pompeii, too. Shown clearly on frescoes (paintings on plaster) found in the ruins are figures riding sticks supported by 2 wheels.

In A.D. 301, Emperor Diocletian fought a threat of inflation in Rome by announcing an extensive schedule of ceiling prices on food and essentials and frozen wages.



Some Untold Facts About Suez

By Richard Martin O'Keefe

THAT there is more than meets the eye in the Suez situation is apparent to any informed onlooker.

Actually, Great Britain and France have an extremely bad case in their controversy with Egypt. Without holding any brief for President Nasser, who is playing a deep and inscrutable game, it is only fair to point out the following truths.

(1) The British and French are condemning the Egyptians for procedures which they themselves have followed in situations importantly affecting their national interests. Both nations have not hesitated to nationalize private companies when the national interest dictated. What Egypt has done is to withdraw a concession from an Egyptian company (which would have ended automatically in 1968) to administer the Canal and collect tolls from its users. The outcry against this action is out of all proportion to its importance.

(2) Why Egypt saw fit to end the concession may be clearly un-

derstood from the following facts. The gross income of the Suez Canal Company in the last fiscal year reported was \$96 millions. Of this total, \$64 millions went to profits, \$37.5 millions to the French, \$23.5 millions to the British *and only \$3 millions to the Egyptians*. To understand how the Egyptians must have felt we have only to picture how the American people would feel if foreign interests were administering a utility on American soil under such humiliating terms to the United States.

(3) Actually, what we are probably witnessing in Egypt is a squeeze play by familiar international interests who hope to see the Suez Canal turned over to the administration of the United Nations. In the background of the dispute is the hope of international finance to have a free hand in the projected chemical development of the Dead Sea. Americans will be wise to look behind the headlines in the story of Suez. We would be wise to keep out of this mess.

NOTE: Since the above was written, the international Zionists, who control England and France, have instigated with Israel, an armed aggression on Egyptian territory. If the present condition is not corrected promptly, it will shortly involve

the U.S. in the forthcoming World War III.

This is in accordance with the blueprint of those who planned and executed the program which resulted in World War I and II.

Important Predictions!

In August, I stated that a war of aggression in the Middle East, would be launched during the last week of October. This prediction was printed in the November issue of AMERICAN MERCURY, at the bottom of Page 151. [You and your friends will receive a copy of the November issue as a gift, with a new one-year subscription.]

In our December issue, we hope you read pages 14, 33, 42, 97, 130 and 154.

We now wish to predict that Red China will soon attack Formosa and our Seventh Fleet will be involved. Saudi Arabia is also scheduled to be invaded. [Accordingly, we so wired our government.] Also in forthcoming issues learn about other "planned events" affecting you!

Dedicated Mercury will keep you informed.

RUSSELL MAGUIRE, Chairman of the Board
American Mercury Magazine, Inc.

Prison Keeper For Uncle Sam

by Fred G. Barton



JUDGE, you are giving me a sentence of death!"

A quavering old man, long-time politician and several times mayor of the city of Boston, sank back in a rented wheelchair in the crowded courtroom. Here and there a woman sobbed, for James Michael Curley, wan and hollow-eyed, seemed a pitiable figure. The news photographers and reporters ate it up.

A couple of hours later, the phone rang in the Federal correctional institution at Danbury, Connecticut—the grass-surrounded lockup that the newspapers call

"The Country Club." Washington was calling. James V. Bennett, director of the Federal Bureau of Prisons, on the wire.

"Joe," said Bennett in a friendly tone, "we don't want any incidents. Get this man Curley inside without any unfavorable publicity."

"I'll handle it, Mr. Bennett," said the warden.

So when the prison train slowed to a stop in the railroad yards, two prison guards were waiting with a wheelchair. Curley flashed his eyes around, saw no reporters or photographers present, angrily stalked to the waiting sedan and was driven to his new prison home. Sentence: five years for using the mails to defraud, a term ended after five months by a presidential pardon from Truman. Far from being a sentence of death, Curley himself admitted that the wholesome food and regular hours had lengthened his life.

For a long quarter-century, James V. Bennett has been puncturing people's balloons like that. A man with deep respect for the law, he won't let the federal prisons be used as a soapbox for any-

body's oratory or theatrics. You can be a hero to the press while you're still at large—and Bennett recognizes that the American public feels a Robin Hood admiration for many who successfully flout the law. But if the crime violates a federal law, once you start for the pen you are enveloped in a veil of secrecy.

Despite his rigid rules against publicity seekers, Bennett is a human sort of person. Eupeptic, good-humored, even optimistic, he carries his 175 pounds lightly on his five-foot eight-inch frame. His blue eyes are kindly and he listens for your side of the story. But he knows how to say No. His voice has a Yankee twang which is unmistakable across miles of telephone wire.

He works without steel doors or bodyguard. Unique among bureaucrats, he has no press agent. But his friends and boosters number a good many thousands within the world of penologists, sociologists, psychiatrists, parole boards and reformed criminals. His personal mail is friendly and heartwarming.

The great American public has probably never heard his name. Yet Bennett is the reason so many of your newspaper thrills take a long siesta. An exciting gunman is at bay. Comes the manhunt, with the public silently rooting for the outlaw. He gets caught. The trial. And then the long silence. What

the criminal does in the penitentiary is swallowed up in a deep void.

WHEN Alger Hiss was locked up in the Lewisburg, Pennsylvania, penitentiary for treason, a fellow prisoner was released, and immediately was interviewed by waiting reporters. Had Hiss confided in any way? No. Had he sought to get messages to outside friends? No. Had Hiss confessed his guilt? No. The interview was a dud.

Bennett has nothing to do with determining who is arrested, nor where he is tried, nor what the sentence is to be. Arrests are matters for U.S. Marshals—in cases of fraudulent entry or smuggling narcotics into the country. Treasury agents enter the picture when the crime involves counterfeiting or violation of the liquor laws. Secret Service comes in when someone threatens the life of the President. Give a man—or woman—the charge of associating with known Communists, or being a draft-dodger or an escaper from the Army or Navy, or one who has robbed a bank or stolen from the mails, or violated the Mann Act, or kidnapped a person or driven a stolen car across state lines—and you have a case for the FBI. Federal judges hear the cases, determine guilt or innocence, and prescribe the sentence.

There are 27 federal lockups,

comprising the largest prison system in any country outside of Russia under a single head. Today there are some 20,000 men and 700 women in institutions, ranging from forbidding Alcatraz to a series of camps and minimum-custody institutions where there are no guns, no fences, no solitary confinement.

Bennett is extremely proud of his minimum-security institution near Dallas — Seagoville — which the casual passerby frequently thinks is a boys' school or college. He undertook there an experiment in penology which he candidly admits has succeeded far beyond his own predictions. Over 5,200 men have been committed to this institution since it was opened as a male institution in 1945. Fewer than 60 have escaped, and all of these have been recaptured.

But Bennett realizes that he must have impregnable institutions for bank robbers, psychopaths, narcotics racketeers and murderers. He takes no chances with this group and until they have proved themselves worthy of trust, keeps them in Alcatraz or Leavenworth or Atlanta. But even in these places there are no stripes. The guards carry no clubs and there is a broad program of work and school and vocational training.

At the young men's reformatory at Chillicothe, Ohio, is a shop for training plane engine mechanics which is approved by the Civil

Aeronautics Administration. Bennett tells of the more than 300 men who have graduated from this course, only 10 percent of whom have ever been in trouble again. He likes to show a letter from one of the trainees, who sent a copy of his pay check which exceeded that of Bennett himself.

In addition to the 27 federal lockups over which Bennett has exclusive jurisdiction, he has supervisory responsibility for 4,000 city and county jails, which must be periodically inspected. Is the jail clean, the meals adequate? Is there any suspicion of kangaroo courts? Are young suspects kept separate from hardened criminals? If the report is not good, Bennett's office insists that the prisoner be kept at a jail which meets requirements.

WHEN Julius and Ethel Rosenberg, the nation's first atomic bomb spies, were awaiting appeal at Ossining, New York, the Federal Bureau of Prisons paid their board bill of \$30 a day each. And when they went to the electric chair without confessing, Bennett's office paid \$600 to the man who threw the switch. For his small part in the Rosenberg case, Bennett was mentioned in a book published by Rosenberg sympathizers. The references were not complimentary.

He received even more attention in a book written by a sentimental-

ist about a canary-loving murderer locked up in Alcatraz. Bennett has not read the book. Neither has the prisoner, for that matter. Few of the statements in the book check with official information brought out in the various trials. But that, too, does not surprise Jim Bennett. "When you have known psychopaths as long as I have, you cease to be surprised at anything," he says calmly.

To a magazine book reviewer who sent him a copy of a proposed review, with a request for comments, Bennett wrote a four-page letter—and then asked that the information not be made public. He is not interested in cheap publicity, nor willing to be drawn into public debate. He doesn't feel his side of the story needs defending.

Not that he is tongue-tied. Various parole organizations have heard him talk in person. He attends the annual Congress of Correction, which brings together many of the nation's prison wardens, prison chaplains and associated groups.

Bennett is a thoroughly literate man, son of a New England clergyman, a graduate of Brown University, and a product of night classes in law in the District of Columbia. He started his business career as a systematizer. In 1924, came an order that was to become historic: "Find out why the federal prisons are costing so much money." He spent three years on

research, pointed out some abuses and instances of waste, and recommended among other things that narcotics offenders be sent to a then non-existent U.S. Public Health Service institution instead of a penitentiary. This was done. When the bureau was organized in 1930, he was named assistant director, and on New Year's Day in 1937, was named director. So James VanBenschoten Bennett is now rounding out 20 years as chief lockup man for the nation.

BENNETT has no authority to alter or shorten a prisoner's sentence. He can make recommendations to the parole board. He can even request a full pardon from the President. But he cannot himself turn any man loose before the normal completion of a sentence, less the customary one-third for "good time."

His instructions from the courts are in stiff language: "Take this man and him safely keep," reads the warrant. That means don't let him escape, don't let him be murdered, or commit suicide, or be injured in a prison job, or get sick and die. Keep him safe. There's a hospital in every federal prison to help keep the inmates healthy.

Bennett, however, can do considerable to make any prisoner's term more comfortable and pleasant. Sometimes people try to persuade him to make a change in a friend's place of incarceration. He

will listen to any reasonable plea, but if he feels right is on his side, you can't budge him.

A union leader in the New York City area was sentenced to federal prison on a conspiracy charge. The man's family and friends came to call.

"Mr. Bennett," they began, "this man's wife is ill, and she cannot afford long and tiring visits to him at any distance. Further, his union needs his counsel and guidance. Surely you can let him serve out his term at nearby Danbury. Through some mistake, your bureau has sent him to Leavenworth, Kansas."

"That was no mistake," Bennett replied promptly. "The man has served time in prison before. That makes him a recidivist, a repeater, and a dangerous person. Danbury is a medium security institution for first-time offenders only. We want him at a maximum security prison, and that's where he is. Good day, gentlemen and ladies."

Bennett is especially interested in the young offender. He believes that the Government ought to spend its money and the correctional system its maximum effort in trying to stop the young person who cavalierly gets into trouble. He has figured out that a youngster who does life on the installment plan, as he phrases it, costs the Government upwards of \$50,000, not counting his depredations. It is far better, thinks Bennett, to

spend the money on him when he first gets into difficulty. So he has been a prime mover in the development of a new program for young offenders.

Under this plan, which Bennett helped inaugurate in California and is now putting into effect in the federal system, the judge does not commit the offender to a definite term. Rather he turns him over for treatment in a special institution. The offender can be released next day if that seems to be proper to a special youth parole board, or he can be held to the maximum time authorized by law for the particular offense. The aim of the program is to cure the youngster—not by threats and punishment, but by getting doctors and psychiatrists to find out what's wrong with him, give him some skills, find a job and place for him in the outside world, and supervise him until he gets on his feet.

IN the 25 years since President Hoover reorganized the federal prison system and placed it under the direction of Sanford Bates, with Bennett as assistant, there have been many changes, but none more significant than in the caliber of personnel who have been attracted to the service. No longer are the guards untrained or superannuated political hacks working 70 hours a week for a bare subsistence. Now every officer passes a rigid Civil Service and physical

examination, and goes through an organized training course and physical-fitness program.

They are all neatly uniformed and taught to be patient and understanding leaders, not harsh drivers. The salaries have been upped, and working hours reduced to 40 a week. Every person, from the director to the lowliest recruit, came in through competitive Civil Service. All wardens and superintendents have worked their way up from minor positions. It is one of the few agencies of the Government which is completely on a career basis.

Bennett still doesn't feel anything would be gained by making life tougher for the inmates in any prison, or painting their crimes more lurid than they are, just to gain favorable publicity or perhaps sell his life story to Hollywood.

As prison director, Jim Bennett lives in a world of trouble and tragedy, sorrow and disappointment. That is why he feels so strongly about the need for some changes in a system of justice which places so much unfettered power in the hands of a single individual. He points out many instances of wide disparity in sentences. He has records to show that one man will get 15 years for a particular crime which another one, with substantially the same background and record, will get only a year and a day for the same offense. He frequently points out

how some judges grant probation to 70 percent of the people who are convicted in their courts, while others allow the offender a second chance in only 10 percent of cases.

ALL THIS, he thinks, needs further study and some change. Perhaps the change should take the form of granting the prisoner an appeal from the length of sentence, as is done in England. Or perhaps instead of the judges doing the sentencing, they should turn the prisoners over to a special tribunal (as they do in California) to determine length of stay.

Bennett thinks that courts ought to know more about the kind and amount of medicine they administer. And most of all, he believes that the public should know more about what goes on in prisons, what the factors are that are really responsible for prison riots, and the importance of remembering that the man who goes to prison today will someday be the anonymous one sitting beside you in the movies or living next door to you or driving you about in a taxicab.

The prison doors revolve outward as well as inward. Hence, the objective of the prisons is to make men understand and profit by the phrase that has been carved above the arch at the Lewisburg Penitentiary: "That which is past and gone is irrevocable; wise men have enough to do with things present and to come."

Embezzling is BOOMING

by Harold Mehling

WHEN police asked Willie Sutton why he always picked on banks for his huge robberies, he said, "Because that's where the money is!" A lot of people, on hearing this brief, direct and extremely logical observation, credited Willie with a unique mentality. Sutton, however, was far from being the first light-fingered citizen to realize that there's money in bank vaults. The men and women who work in banks have known this stimulating fact for years. And thousands of them have succumbed to the temptation to put this knowledge to work. Among them are not just the dapper, if underpaid, tellers, but top officials up to and including chairmen of the board and bank presidents.

The bullet-spewing, tear-gas variety of bank robber has been getting increasingly stiff competition from the boys and girls on the inside. The number of bank employees who have gone South with the money has doubled and tripled

over the past ten years. Both the FBI and the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation regard their depredations as major menaces today. The figures are startling. From 1935 to the beginning of this year embezzlements forced 105 banks throughout the United States to close their doors. But even more worrisome to banking officials is their estimate that \$10 to \$25 millions is missing right now in thefts that haven't even been discovered yet. The annual take is thought to be around \$400 millions.

How do they do it? And why do these very ordinary people, through whose hands pass thousands of exciting green dollars every day, decide to take some home with them? Well, their methods are equalled in number only by their motives.

Once the bank employee finds something sticking to his fingers it's very difficult for him to keep the same thing from happening again. An intricate system of

cover-up is necessary, and this involves new inroads on the cash and more juggling. The net is thus drawn tighter and tighter with each venture, although many start out on the assumption that they'll "borrow" just once, return the "loan" quickly and no one will be the wiser. One teller never cheated a customer; he felt that taking depositors' money was unprincipled. He stole only money that already belonged to the bank. He started by pocketing ten cents a week to buy a magazine. When the magazine's price went up, he raised his "withdrawal." It wasn't long before he was taking money to cover other purchases. And so he found himself on the embezzlers' treadmill. This teller only involved himself, but when some of these dipsters crash to ruin they take many innocents down with them.

A MIDWESTERN BANKER caused that kind of tragedy. Living in a small community, he started as a clerk, rose to become bank president. Brilliant and aggressive, he founded a creamery, oil, lumber and milling companies, became treasurer of each. Then he was elected treasurer of both his village and the school district, and finally state treasurer of his fraternal organization. But then the banker spread his legitimate personal investments too thin in low-profit ventures and found that he suddenly needed money in a hurry.

He "borrowed" from his bank and tried to make two quick killings on the stock market. Both attempts failed and his financial distress became acute. So he reached out for every bit of available cash in every organization he was connected with. Then he went for broke. He went broke all right, and confessed to the Banking Commissioner in despair. The bank closed immediately and the community was stunned to discover that its key industries were on the verge of bankruptcy as a result.

Sometimes bank embezzlers are very uncomplicated in their methods. They just put the money in a bag and tote it home. Take the fascinating case of Richard H. Crowe, assistant manager of a branch of the National City Bank of New York. Crowe, a bulky, assured and energetic man, worked his way up National City's ladder during 19 years of faithful service. He was the image of respectability in his community, president of his Rotary club, and a member of civic committees, banking associations, charity organizations, and a country club. He lived in an 11-room, shore-front house on Staten Island, across the bay from Manhattan. His neighbor was the then Borough President, Cornelius A. Hall.

One Friday in March, 1949, Crowe remained at the bank after everyone else had gone home. He went to the vault, took \$193,000 in small bills and \$790,000 in bonds,

and stuffed them into a small brown satchel. After locking the doors on his way out, Crowe went downtown and took the ferry to Staten Island. There he tossed the bag into the trunk of his Buick and drove off to meet his wife, a slim, handsome woman, for dinner at the Richmond County Country Club.

On Saturday Crowe pattered about his home. But on Sunday afternoon he announced that he was going to Buffalo on business. After first dropping off \$15,000 at the nearby home of his vacationing parents, Crowe took the ferry back to Manhattan, then vanished.

HIS FAILURE to appear at the bank Monday morning brought a flurry of excitement. He was nowhere to be found. The theft was quickly discovered. Immediately, both the FBI and Lloyd's of London, which had insured the bank against just such an event, were after clues to his whereabouts.

One clue turned up quickly. Crowe provided it himself. From Florida he mailed registered letters crammed with currency. A Staten Island bank which had lent him money got \$5,000. Six thousand arrived at another bank. Crowe's friends, too, were recipients of his munificence. But the FBI gathered up the envelopes as fast as they were delivered, and finally amassed a total of \$76,355. This

sum was still a long count, however, from the \$883,660 that Crowe had taken off with. Finally he was picked up by two FBI men in Daytona Beach, which affords convenient access to sunny beaches and comfortable taverns. He returned to New York quietly and helped authorities locate most of the cached money. But \$40,000 of it was gone forever. Crowe pleaded guilty and was sentenced to three years. He got out on parole in a little over a year.

Crowe's method was not fancy. Others are. Every conceivable manner of evading detection by auditors, examiners and superiors is employed. One of the nation's leading authorities on inside bank jobs figures there are 210 ways to separate such an institution from its money. These range from cash-drawer petty larceny to fake loans and mortgages. One bank found that its mortgage department had been doing a land-office business, but somehow the profit figures didn't show it. A closer inspection revealed that not only were many of the mortgages fakes, but that the bank building itself had been mortgaged for thousands of dollars!

The longer an employee handles money the more prone he is to get heady over it, apparently. Most embezzlers turn out to be veteran employees who previously have given good service. A bookkeeper worked in a New Jersey bank for

more than 30 years. But after the first 15 she got tired of seeing all that money going by her all the time. She was a lonely spinster. But suddenly it became advantageous for her acquaintances to ask her over to dinner or to be invited to dine out with her. For when she was asked to someone's home her arrival would invariably be preceded by the delivery of thick steaks and good liquor. Her tipping habits were so extravagant that waiters scrambled to provide food and service. It didn't seem possible on a bookkeeper's salary. In fact, it wasn't. The little old bookkeeper had access to blank cashier's checks. Whenever she needed money to keep up her lavish ways, she would simply write out a cashier's check. The only omission was payment to the bank. To cover the shortages—and there were \$150,000 worth, before she was discovered—she made false entries in her books.

Another of the most popular routes to bank embezzlements is through dormant accounts. Here the employee or official feels that time is working for him.

IN one of the most tragic cases on record, an offending employee didn't get a dime for himself. John F. Wagner was a quiet, friendly man with an unblemished work record as cashier of the First National Bank in Cecil, Pennsylvania. But one Monday morning when

bank examiners arrived for a routine inspection, they found Wagner's body sprawled before the vault, a bullet hole in his head. The town was shocked. It was even more startled to learn that the examiners had discovered more than a million dollars in assets missing. Wagner's private life was searched, but not a cent of the missing funds could be traced. He had lived in Cecil all his life, neither drank nor smoked, never gambled and was extremely economical. It was baffling—until a note from Wagner was discovered. It read:

"The reason for the shortage was because of paying checks that were not good." Attached was a list of names of townsfolk who had stretched Wagner's warm-heartedness until it killed him. In some cases they had written worthless checks, banking on him to make them good. Others had made loans on the bank, then defaulted. Wagner would not foreclose on the collateral. He never wanted to see anyone in trouble. As a result he was a million dollars short.

Although most bank officials and employees are obviously as honest as any of us, these embezzlements are estimated to have hit one out of every six banks in the country during the past six years. Many depositors have become frightened on reading report after report of plundered banks. Actually, they need have small worry

over their deposits. For accounts are protected up to \$10,000 each by the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation. The limit is only a technicality, however. In practice, the FDIC rarely lets a bank collapse because of embezzlement.

THE PEOPLE to whom the situation is personally worrisome are the bank stockholders, who have no such protection. But now they've become alarmed enough to take out some insurance of their own. They've organized the Bank-Share-Owners Advisory League, which is trying to reduce the number and amount of embezzlements by securing improved control procedures, better employee relations and more adequate deposit insurance. J. Ross Humphreys of Chicago, president of the league, feels that one reason behind the rise in embezzlements is inflation.

"Ten years ago many small businessmen coming to bank officers for a loan were broke," Humphreys says. "Now when they come in, they're rolling in money, quickly made. Perhaps this makes some of the bank officers envious, and they take the easiest way to get some quick money."

The stockholders' league estimates that, on the average, an employee who has been dipping into the till goes undetected for 10 to 11 years. And it knows of one bank officer who felt he was discharging his solemn obligations to the insti-

tution by increasing its insurance coverage each time he stole.

Despite good police work, the fact is that many embezzlements are still turned up only by accident. Officials might never have discovered the shady work of a noted New Jersey public figure if an ordinarily silent bookie hadn't decided to talk. The culprit in this case was James Pellecchia, once a judge and holder of the title, "Best Dressed Jurist in the U. S." Pellecchia was vice president of the Columbus Trust Company in Newark. He was also a devotee of horse-racing. In a short time his luck got so bad that he started using his job to pay for his luck. But he couldn't steal fast enough to cover his huge losses. Pellecchia finally defaulted on a bet. The bookie tipped the Banking Commissioner that Pellecchia had failed to pay a "debt of honor." Intense activity suddenly began among the Columbus Trust records and it was found that the ex-judge had stolen \$663,000. As vice president he was able to write fake mortgages on apartment houses in the area and pocket the money. He got ten to 15 years in jail.

Although some skeptics think that embezzling will go on forever, officials think the public can help cut down on their number. The FBI has informed depositors how they may help:

1. Check your regular statement with your deposit entries and see

if the dates match. If they don't, talk to a responsible official of the bank. 2. If your account has been inactive, ask for a statement and check it. 3. Make out deposit slips yourself, and always include the date.

A common impression is that the embezzler is usually lured by wine, women, song, horses and kindred attractions. But another factor noted more and more often recently is the salary of the lower-echelon bank employee.

And if assistant managers' resistances are weakened, consider the plight of the lowly teller, some of whom take home about \$40 a week. A Federal judge regarded it from that angle last November and flatly refused to imprison a teller who had embezzled \$7,500. George W. Sponsler, now 53, started work in 1920, at the age of 18, for the First National Bank of North Baltimore, Ohio. He was paid \$20 a week. By 1942 he was making \$36.50. That's when he began pilfering. It went on until he was discovered last year. Federal Judge Frank Kloebe, in deferring Sponsler's sentencing indefinitely, said:

"If I had the authority, I'd sentence the bank officials and the board of directors to read the story of Scrooge at Christmas and think of the defendant." He said the bank officials should have been indicted instead of Sponsler. A Detroit judge took the same view in

an earlier case. He told a teller he was not condoning dishonesty, but that "if they expect you to wear a white shirt to work, they should pay you a white shirt salary."

RICHARD T. WOOD, an official of the American Surety Co., sees the biggest problem in this light: "We no longer know what to expect. Reluctantly, we write insurance on a bank paying dangerously low salaries for responsible jobs. And years later we get one claim on that bank—on the \$40,000-a-year chairman of the board, a man blessed with an inherited income."

That's the kind of man who headed a Pennsylvania bank. Each year he read to the stockholders a detailed list of the bank's holdings. Then he would beam as the investors complimented him for such efficient management.

But one day a new stockholder attended the annual meeting. He heard the president's report and nodded appreciatively along with his fellow-investors. But then he asked a question no one else had ever asked before:

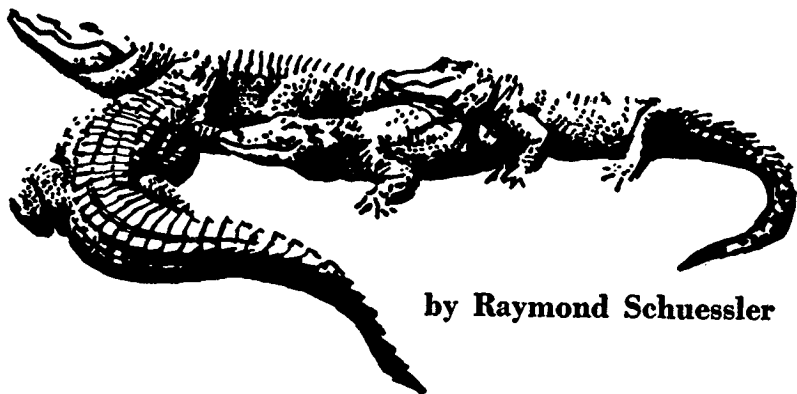
"Where are the securities?"

The president gulped. "Why, in the vault, of course," he replied.

"I'd like to see them, if I may," the new stockholder said.

The president broke down and confessed he had sold \$220,000 in stocks and bonds 15 years previously and had spent the money—all of it!

ALLIGATORS ARE KILLERS



by Raymond Schuessler

PEOPLE who have lived in alligator country know that this big-jawed reptile is unpredictably dangerous and will sometimes attack man. The old males can be both irritable and bold, especially in the wilder areas where they have not been hunted or frightened by man.

The early explorers of the Southeast, in the days before the advent of the rifle, reported alligators to be extremely dangerous, often attacking men without provocation.

Their ferocity has diminished just as their size has. Today their average length is eight feet. In 1889 it was 16 feet and before man moved in, it was 20 feet or more.

Once the repulsive gators were so plentiful in Florida they lay jammed side by side, like floating logs. Then, from 1880 to 1894, when alligator shoes and bags became

the fashion, over 2,000,000 of the helpless saurians were ruthlessly butchered by hide hunters, who often sold the skins for as little as ten dollars per hundred. The rotting bodies on the banks of Everglade waterways fattened hordes of black vultures.

Even in the 1930's and early 1940's, every alligator that showed itself was apt to be shot. Thus the reptiles became shy. However, some of the big gators today, grown to maturity under protective game laws, are extremely dangerous.

Two huge gators had to be removed recently from the Okefenokee Wildlife Refuge because they had begun to stalk fishermen and visiting tourists. Several attacks have been reported in the last few years.

Campers in the Everglades tell of an attack by a huge alligator

on their sleeping party. One of the campers was carried off. They pursued and killed the gator, but the victim died. In April 1950, a girl was attacked and severely bitten on the leg. In another case a small girl was seized by an alligator but was saved by a heroic boy.

There was the case of a golfer who stepped into a water hazard to find his ball. A big bull alligator played par with the golfer; he ate him. A woman swimmer was attacked by a nine-foot gator in 1948. Luckily she escaped with only lacerated arms and hands.

Some years ago a hunting party shot an alligator and, thinking it was dead, walked up to it. The gator lunged and clamped his huge jaws around the man's waist. The victim died.

WHILE at Orlando, Florida, one year, I went along with a posse to exterminate a big bull alligator that had bitten a man. Two weeks earlier it had chewed up a dog. Also people were complaining constantly about this gator blocking traffic. Heading the posse were John Beach, a wildlife officer, and Stan Granberry, a professional herpetologist.

The hunt began on the shore of Lake Gear. This was not my first alligator hunt, but it was the first one at night. "You won't see anything but a pair of eyes," the wildlife expert assured me. "And that's only if you can attract their atten-

tion with a light. Once you get the lights on him, he'll freeze long enough to slip a noose on him."

Just then someone yelled. About 40 feet away were two huge red eyes burning out of the black water. We moved in and Granberry threw the seven-foot gator pole in the air circling the noose around the gator's neck.

As soon as the noose tightened, the gator twisted, rolled, ground its huge jaws, slapped the water to white foam with its serrated tail and slipped the noose. In a second it disappeared.

We chased it into the weeds, but found nothing with our feeble flashlights. A lightning bolt streaked across the lake and we saw it again—practically under our boat. Again Granberry got the noose around the gator's head, but again the gator slithered free.

It began to rain and we decided to quit the hunt. As we neared shore, the sky again blazed under a thunderbolt—and we saw the gator making toward shore. Granberry cupped his hands to his lips and began making strange noises with his mouth in mimicry of a female gator. The bull stopped and actually came toward us.

This time Granberry got a snug noose around the gator's throat and yanked with all his might. Thrown against the side of the boat, the gator lashed and kicked until we almost capsized—and what a predicament that would have

been: tossed into the water, in the dark, with an infuriated alligator we couldn't see! Luckily the boat held up until the gator was dragged to shore.

Granberry circled behind the bull, knowing he'd be torn to pieces if the gator hit him with any part of his tail. But realizing that only the gator's top jaw moves, Granberry hurled himself on the gator's back, circled his arms around the jaws, and threw a rope around them. It doesn't take much strength to close an alligator's mouth, but you need a crowbar to open it.

The gator spun furiously, nearly rolling over on Granberry. With a lunge, Granberry flipped the gator back, got a noose around the deadly jaws and the battle was over.

FEW ANIMALS in the Everglades jungles are a match for the ugly reptile. Alligators are not descended from dinosaurs, as sometimes reported, though they are cousins and really do belong to an earlier age. They devour 350-pound wild hogs and ambush deer at drinking spots. Alligator farms are often unsuccessful because alligators are cannibals.

One year I was fishing for bass in the Everglades when I noticed a brush fire spreading along the main shore. I stopped to see what animals would be drawn to the lake's edge by the flames.

Suddenly a wildcat bounded to-

ward the water about 50 feet from my boat. He was escaping the fire, but he wanted to keep his feet dry at the same time. As he paused at the water's edge, there was a sudden splashing rush—an alligator about 11 feet long came shooting off a clump of hyacinth roots.

At the first sound the cat whirled. But even then he was too late. The alligator's jaws clamped on the cat's leg, and with the eerie screech of wildcat blended with the savage bellow of alligator, they disappeared beneath the water. A gurgle echoed and bubbles blossomed—and then all was still as death.

Some of the goat and sheep farms in the Okefenokee swamps of northern Florida and Georgia are plagued by killer-alligators which attack the flocks. A few hunters and I decided to see if we could knock off one of the persistent marauders.

For bait we took along a young lamb and tied it to the edge of a swamp in a small clearing, about 15 feet from the water. Then we hid in the nearby brush. It was a couple of hours before sundown, quiet and sticky hot.

In about an hour we saw the killer come poking out of the marsh. He was one of the biggest gators I had ever seen. He had scented the lamb, but he wasn't sure it was safe. The lamb began to bleat in terror and danced desperately to break loose.

The gator just lay still watching every move the lamb made. He lay low in the water, his jaw in the grass and the rest of him fitted into a coffin of reed and rushes.

It was getting dark now and we hoped the gator would make a break before complete darkness set in or we might step right into his open mouth getting out of there. We might have hit him if we shot from where we were, but the chances were that the jungle underbrush would deflect the slug. We wanted to make sure.

SLOWLY, by inches, we could see the big black form pushing up the bank with his eyes glued on the choice bait. He moved quietly for such a big brute. Darkness was pulling its shade tighter. We had to squint to see him. His front legs were now out of the water. The lamb began to bleat loudly.

Any second now the gator would make his rush. We moved our rifles into position. Alligators are hard to stop unless you have a high-powered rifle. A gun of small caliber will hardly penetrate their hide. We knew we had to aim for the eye, or the bullet would not reach the tiny brain.

Now the gator had taken his whole body out of the water. His back legs tiptoed on dry land. We could almost feel his muscles tense for the final lunge. The lamb began to tremble.

Suddenly the whole forest

hushed. Not a bird called. Even the breeze fell still. The gator was about ten feet from the lamb.

He charged! Jaws wide, his body carried high with tiny feet slapping the mud. We fired. He shook and bellowed, his body slumping on legs that still churned. He crumpled just short of the lamb, his unbelieving head twisted grotesquely under his shoulders, his tail twitching.

Suddenly, the woods came back to life. An owl hooted, whippoorwills whistled, woodpeckers kibitzed, and squirrels chattered away as though satisfied. In the woods as in society, the bully is always repugnant. The gator was a whopper—14 feet 4 inches.

Alligators have adjusted themselves very well to their environment. They live in water-holes, subterranean dens which may consist of several 25-foot tunnels, including an underwater entrance, all emptying into the main "apartment."

An alligator's eye is protected by an auxiliary transparent lid that permits the eye to remain open while submerged in muddy water. Mother Nature also has provided a special automatic check valve which shuts off its mouth from its throat, thereby permitting the jaws to remain open under water. It cannot drink, but absorbs moisture through its skin.

When it comes time for romance, the male sprays himself with "per-

fume," a strong, musky fluid that is emitted from glands on the underside of his chin, near the throat. One whiff of him under such conditions, and the lady becomes helplessly obedient to his will. Some say, however, that it is the female who courts and seduces the male.

The female must be nine years old before she can lay eggs and has been known to breed in captivity up to 40 years. Captive gators have reached an age of 56 years. They grow about one foot per year for the first ten.

In the spring or early summer, the female alligator builds a nest. She scrapes together a mass of sticks, leaves, and mud in a sheltered spot, usually near the water, but sometimes as much as 200 feet away. Here she carefully lays part of her 20 to 90 elliptical eggs, each somewhat larger than a hen's, and with a thicker shell. Then a six-inch layer of more mud and compost is added, followed by a second layer of eggs, and so on, until all the eggs are buried. The sun does the rest, the incubation temperature remaining constant from 95 to 105 degrees, even should a 50 degree change take place outside. It is really like a hotbed.

The female remains in the vicinity and guards her nest against

intruders. She can be vicious at this time. Her vigil is necessary for raccoons, wild hogs, and many other creatures are quick to raid an alligator nest.

As baby gators begin to hatch, they set up a curious grunting sound. Upon hearing this, the female tears the nest apart, allowing the little ones to escape. Her parental duties are now over, and the babies are on their own.

WHEN GATORS are small, they are exposed to the attacks of otters, mink, raccoons, cottonmouth moccasins, bullfrogs, bass, herons and larger alligators. In autumn, a swamp or lake may be swarming with newly hatched gators, but by summer of the following year only a small percentage of the young can be found.

Growth is rapid, however, and when the gator is about 18 months old, he is big enough to defend himself against most of his enemies. When he begins to reach 12 feet or more he can become a menace to the community. That's why some areas of Florida have decreed a hunting season on gators of eight feet or over. It's good hunting, and alligator-tail steak, cooked over a swampwood fire, is a real delicacy. Try it and see.

The majority of people seem to think that chasing the dollar and pursuing happiness are one and the same.

—BLANCHE CAMPBELL



In Chewing Gum

by
Hugh Russell Fraser

UNTIL the advent of the commercial sale of chewing gum in the last quarter of the nineteenth century, psychologists had looked in vain for an infallible yardstick of intellectual mediocrity. With the introduction of chewing gum, however, the problem was solved. Habitual gum-chewers, it was discovered, were invariably of below-average intelligence; no individual of imagination and culture above the age of 18 was found in this group.

Gum-chewing is a peculiarly American custom, but it has spread to Europe and now large parts of that continent have become infected. State Department experts concede that 97.5 per cent of anti-American feeling abroad can be traced to the antics of gum-chew-

ing tourists. One survey made by the State Department is reputed to be sensational. It is rumored that the magazine *Confidential* has secured a copy and will soon publish it for 4,200,000 gum-chewing readers.

Whence came this habit which has exasperated the civilized world? Fallacious is the claim made in some quarters that gum-chewing dates from antiquity. Gum itself, of course, was known to the ancient world. It was used to caulk boats. Samples of it have been found hardened in ancient tombs. But it was not used as a masticatory.

Likewise, the suggestion that the Indians introduced it to early New England settlers is without his-

torical evidence. Not a single contemporary letter, diary or newspaper mentions it, although reference is made to cherry and spruce resins for caulking purposes. Perhaps the legend that gum-chewing was known to antiquity grew from the fact that the Greek historian Herodotus described chewing the betel nut, seed of the widely cultivated betel palm, an item of diet that was reputed to be very nourishing.

Myths die hard. It is also said that in the United States as early as 1848, one John Curtis and his brother of Bangor, Maine, made a confection partly from the gum of spruce trees which today the youngsters would call "all-day-suckers." They prepared it over a solitary Franklin stove, but the product attained no special vogue and was looked upon as candy.

The real crime was not perpetrated until after the Civil War. The person responsible was none other than General Antonio Lopez de Santa Anna, the Mexican commander who shot down the prisoners of war at Goliad, who massacred the defenders of The Alamo, and who was defeated by Sam Houston at the Battle of San Jacinto in 1836.

WHY General Houston did not execute him after taking him prisoner is one of the mysteries of history. Houston himself claimed the safety of the little scoundrel was necessary to insure peace between

Mexico and Texas. At any rate, Santa Anna lived to cause more trouble in his native country, until finally he was exiled in 1867.

Having discovered Uncle Sam to be an easy mark, he came here. Secretary of State William H. Seward furnished him with a ship to sail for New York. Santa Anna brought along a large chunk of chicle, a solidified latex of the sapota tree, which the Aztec Indians used for chewing gum. He always kept several pieces of it in his pocket.

Shortly after his arrival, he met an American inventor named Thomas Adams. Adams lived in Jersey City, and one day he invited the General to visit him at his home. The diminutive Mexican showed up and together they spent the evening talking in the library. Every once in a while Adams noticed he would take something out of his pocket, place it in his mouth and chew it. Puzzled, he asked what it was.

Santa Anna thereupon produced a large hunk of it from his overnight bag and presented it to Adams, remarking it was a gum for chewing purposes. Adams was dubious. He sampled some of it, did not like it and dropped the subject.

But Adams' oldest son, eavesdropping on the conversation, listened with considerable interest, and after his father and the General had retired for the night, stole into the library and examined the

hunk of chicle. Cutting off pieces with a knife, he liked it. Suddenly, an idea hit him. He had a friend a little older than himself who owned a small candy store in the city. Why not place this chicle on sale—the youngsters might buy it!

Next morning, young Adams was at his friend's store in Jersey City. He showed the samples of chicle and suggested that the friend could sell two little pieces for a penny. Willing to try anything once, the owner called the attention of the kids to it as soon as they began trooping in before school opened. He didn't expect many sales, and young Adams had said the supply "would probably last three months." He was hardly prepared, however, for what happened. Word spread rapidly, and before noon he was sold out!

FRANTICALLY he tried to get hold of Adams for more. When young Adams learned of the rapid sale, he told his father what had happened and the elder Adams, quick to sense an opportunity, immediately went to see his old friend, Santa Anna. The general gave him a new supply from his ship and wrote to his sources in Mexico for more. Meanwhile, working in his kitchen over a stove, Adams cooked the chicle to a more even consistency, then cut it up in small hunks like taffy and began to sell it to candy stores. They took all they could get.

News of the product speeded westward. In Ohio, in the little town of Mount Vernon, a salesman by the name of William F. Semple worked over a stove to perfect something he called "a combination of rubber with other articles in any proportions adapted to the formation of an acceptable chewing gum." With this vague description and some samples, he took out the first patent on chewing gum, U. S. Patent 98,304.

The Semple patent was so mixed with the idea of rubber, however, that Adams had no difficulty going ahead with his own experiments, finally manufacturing on a substantial scale his own product. It consisted of long, thin strips, notched conveniently so druggists could break it off in penny lengths.

The idea of flavoring gum did not come until 1875. Then John Colgan, a Louisville druggist, hit the jackpot of popularity when he tried adding an aromatic balsam. He called his product "Tolou-flavored Gum." It prospered until 1880, when the first modern flavor, peppermint, was introduced.

In the years since 1880, chewing gum has become a daily habit of the mediocre. Except in the case of children, who chew it as a candy, it has afforded Science the most infallible yardstick of mental incapacity thus far known. Not all dullards chew gum, but all gum-chewers are dullards. At least no exceptions are known to Science!

The Clergyman's

Ghost

by

William Oliver Stevens

ONE of the best-known Baptist ministers of the last hundred years was Russel H. Conwell, whose lifetime was filled with good works. He was pastor of the Baptist Temple in Philadelphia; he founded two hospitals; he created Temple University, of which he became president. He was the author of many books, but was best known throughout the country for his lecture "Acres of Diamonds," which he delivered nearly 6,000 times.

His famous ghost story was published in the *American* magazine for July, 1921, as part of an interview conducted by Bruce Barton. In the course of their conversation, Barton asked Dr. Conwell whether he had seen instances in which a dying person's face became suddenly transfigured, just before the end, as if he were looking upon another world. Dr. Conwell replied that he had witnessed the phenomenon lit-

erally hundreds of times, when the soul evidently "hovers hesitantly between two worlds."

The speaker paused a moment, then said: "Some years ago I had a dream that recurred every morning just before I awoke. It seemed to me that the figure of Mrs. Conwell appeared and sat smiling at the foot of my bed. I said nothing about it; it is, I thought, a delusion of age, yet the figure was as real as life, smiling, and asking questions and answering my own.

"One morning I said, or seemed to say, 'I know you aren't really there.'

"'Oh, but I am!' she replied.

"'But how can I be sure?' I persisted. 'Are you willing that I should test you?'

"She nodded, still smiling.

"'All right,' I said, 'tomorrow I will ask you a question. Will you be ready for it?'

"She nodded again and, with another smile, disappeared. Next morning she was there again.

"'I see you have come,' I said. 'Are you still willing?'

"She smiled and nodded.

"'Tell me, then, where is my army discharge paper?' I had not seen it for years, and to the best of my knowledge was utterly ignorant of its whereabouts.

"In a voice that seemed as distinct as if she had uttered the words aloud, she answered, 'Why, it is in the black japanned box behind the books in your library.'

I got out of bed and went into the library. There, after some search, I found the box, hidden away behind books; in it, under a varied collection of documents, was the discharge paper.

"Again next morning she appeared with a little smile of triumph, as if to say, 'You see, it was there, just as I told you; now, will you believe?' But I was not satisfied, of course. I asked her if I might make another test, and with the same happy smile she promised again.

"That morning at breakfast I spoke to one of the maids who had lived with us fourteen years.

"Mary, you remember the gold fountain pen that Mrs. Conwell gave me years ago? I want you to take it off my desk today and hide it. And you are not to tell me or anyone else where you hide it. Do you understand?"

"Again next morning the figure appeared, and we seemed to joke about it for a little while. Finally, I said: 'Do you know where Mary hid my pen?'

"Of course, I do."

"Can you tell me the place?"

"Get out of bed and come with me," she answered laughingly. I rose and, seeming to hold her hand, was led to one of the closets

in my room. The top shelf had been built into a little closet with a door which covered only part of the front. She motioned me to it, and I took a chair and climbed up. I ran my hand over the shelf, but without encountering the pen. I felt then that the whole thing must have been a delusion, and turned to step down from the chair.

"But she was still in the doorway and pointed again to the shelf, shaking her head emphatically, as if to say: 'It is there! Look again; you will find it.'

"I did look again. I stretched my hand far in behind the door on either side, and this time, to my amazement, I found the pen!"

There seems to have been no point in the repeated visits of Mrs. Conwell's shade except the pleasure of making herself known to her husband. The means of confirmation employed—once by locating the army paper and a second time by finding a pen deliberately hidden—were devised by Dr. Conwell himself and acceded to by the ghost. At all events, this story is not one to be lightly disregarded because, although, it comes from the testimony of only one person, the word of a man of Russell Conwell's character and intelligence rules out any possibility of deceit.

Disillusioning is the discovery that the car you just bought in order to keep up with the Joneses is the very same one Jones traded in while trying to keep up with the Smiths.—HAROLD COFFIN

Bagpipes *Open the Store*

by

Charlotte G. Robinson



THE WIDE DOORS of the big store at the corner of Mountain and St. Catherine streets in Montreal had just swung open. The early shoppers paused. They looked. They listened.

Surely it couldn't be the skirl of bagpipes so early in the morning!

But the spirited tune of "My Love She's But a Lassie Yet" came nearer and, to the shoppers' amazement, two pipers and a drummer in full Scottish regalia came slowly down the stairway. With kilts swinging they marched through broad aisles to the main entrance, where they played other airs in a brief recital, for on that August morning in 1950 Ogilvy's had introduced the new project of opening their store for business to the skirl of the pipes!

Ogilvy's specializes in Tartans, with a stock of more than 25 different patterns, including Nova Scotia's Tartan, officially registered by Edinburgh's Lord Lyon King of Arms, designed and woven in Nova Scotia.

In 1866 James Angus Ogilvy from Kirremuir, County Angus, Scotland, opened his first shop at the corner of Mountain and Bonaventure streets, opposite the old St. Antoine Market. Canada was then called British North America. Montreal, with 100,000 inhabitants, was in what was known as Lower Canada.

Horse-drawn streetcars transported passengers along muddy thoroughfares and Confederation was only a dream.

It was a dark little store. There was only one counter and the lad from Kirremuir was owner, clerk and general factotum, with a stock of British cottons, woollens and linens.

Business increased to such an extent that, in 1877, Ogilvy moved his wee shop a couple of doors up the street. This time he had two counters and a floor space of 30 x 60 feet. When, for the third time he enlarged his store in 1889, Montreal boasted a population of 200,000 and was now a

city. Then, just 30 years after he had come to the new country, James Angus Ogilvy built a new store on the northeast corner of Mountain and St. Catherine streets. This time it was a department store. In 1912 Ogilvy's built the latest in department stores across the street on the northwest corner.

And there it stands today, with 90 departments and a staff of 1,000 employees. The Scottish atmosphere still rules. Attractive girls operating the elevators wear a costume of kilt and jacket in the Ogilvy Hunting Tartan of blue, green and black with lines of orange and yellow, a very ancient pattern, for the Ogilvy family dates back to the day of William the Lion. The Pipers, who are members of the

RCAF Pipe Band of Montreal, are employees of the store. They also wear the Hunting Tartan, but the Drummers wear the Dress Tartan, a much more colorful and very complicated pattern.

In the Tartan Room lunch includes Scotch Broth. And delicious it is! On St. Andrew's Day the "Haggis" is served. The "great chieftain o' the puddin' race," it is strong man's food, made of beef suet, the heart, liver and other interiors of the sheep, and cooked in the maw.

It's worth-while to arrive early at Ogilvy's on Monday morning—or to stay late Saturday night—for Ogilvy's is the only store in North America to open and close the week's business to the skirl of the pipes.

"It is my cat if she can bite."

Assuming this is true, which of the following statements are necessarily true as well?

1. If the cat cannot bite, she is not mine.
2. If the cat is mine, she can bite.
3. If the cat is not mine, she cannot bite.
4. Either the cat can bite or she is not mine.
5. Either the cat cannot bite or she is mine.
6. Either the cat can bite or she is mine.

Allow two minutes for this. Each of the following should be answered by *yes* or *no*:

1. If two circles are within the same square, is it true that one of the circles must be within the other?
2. If a square is within a circle, and a mark is made outside the circle is it true that the mark must be outside the square?
3. If a circle is within a square, and a mark is made within the circle, is it true that the mark must be within the square?
4. If a mark is made within a square, and a circle is within the same square, is it true that the mark must be within the circle?

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The Case of

THE FROZEN NOSE

by

Frank Dufresne



I WAS MUSHING back from a dog-team patrol for the United States Biological Survey in the winter of 1923 when a blizzard forced me to take shelter in a trail-side hut several miles from my Nome headquarters. After staking out my 11 huskies I tossed each his daily ration of dried salmon, then left them to curl inside their bushy tails while the wind sifted a snow blanket upon them.

Expecting nothing better than another lonely night in the moaning white wilderness, I made my way to the hovel. There was no indication that I was to blunder into the most heart-warming experience ever to befall me in Alaska.

The first surprise came when I pushed open the door and was enveloped in a white cloud indicating the warm air within. When it thinned I became aware of a figure squatting on the dirt floor in the gloom. In the faint rays of a miner's candle I could see only that it was a human, raggedly clothed, unwashed and as shaggy-faced as one of my malemute dogs. But there was no mistaking that hearty hail of welcome. It was the voice of Sourdough Johnny, a ne'er-do-well who had tagged along on every gold rush dating back to the Dawson stampede of '97. Almost everyone in the Nome region knew Sourdough Johnny for a penniless prospector.

But far from discouraged by a quarter century of plodding over the mosquito-infested tundra, panning Alaska's icy stream beds in vain search for his fortune in gold, old Johnny fairly oozed with opulence. Life was rosy to this eccentric, happy-go-lucky character. He never doubted that he would hit it rich some day. And because he was also a tireless spinner of tall

tales, I looked forward now to an evening of rare entertainment. But Sourdough Johnny was just the beginning.

I had tossed my duffel inside when I heard the muffled yelping of dogs and another dogteam came struggling through the raging snow. When the driver swept back the wolverine ruff of his parka hood and raised a fur-mitted hand in greeting, I couldn't believe my eyes. At the handlebars of the other sled stood one of the greatest polar explorers of all time!

WE CROWDED into the shelter around an oil-drum stove crammed with willow twigs. Sourdough Johnny invited us to dig into a kettle of ptarmigan and rice which was simmering on the heater. In return we produced the usual hardy fare from our "grub boxes": hardtack, canned butter, cube sugar, jam and smoked salmon "squaw candy." The famous explorer, who liked to be called "the Captain," pumped up his Swedish brass lamp and quickly brewed a pot of coffee. The bluish, kerosene-gas flames lit up his somber features and it was then I received still another shock. The Captain, of all people, had frozen his nose!

He was soon the center of attention. For, although he was dressed in the usual sealskin trousers, hip fur boots, reindeer parka and elbow-length mitts made from wolf

heads with ears still attached, the Captain wore a cloak of greatness. His profile was strong and aquiline, his deep-set, smoldering eyes were those of a leader. He was not the kind of man to be engaged in small talk, but rather one to be left to his dreams and his dignity.

But that big, hooked crimson beak—no amount of aloofness on the part of its owner could stay the usual ribbing. "Only a cheechako lets his bill git frosted," jibed Sourdough Johnny. The old prospector's eyes were snapping with mischief as he added slyly, "or maybe it's just glowin' with pride."

This was no way to treat a celebrity, I thought, and started to remonstrate with old Johnny. Plainly, he had not recognized his renowned guest. The Captain stopped me with an imperious wave of his long forefinger then turned his grave, Viking-blue eyes on the old timer to ask how *he* prevented a frost-bitten nose.

Sourdough Johnny was ready with a fast answer. "Soon as ya see it turnin' white," he instructed, "ya rub it with snow as fur out as ya kin reach." Cackling with glee, he added the snapper. "Than ya snowball the rest."

Of course, consoled Johnny, a tenderfoot off on his first dogteam trip couldn't be expected to take proper care of his nose. It took experience. Again, I started to intercede and again the Captain waved me to silence. "You are very

kind," he said to the old prospector, "very kind, indeed. Perhaps you will tell me more about cold weather travel."

Outside, blasts of snow strummed across the willow tops and thudded against the hut, but within the sodded walls the shelter grew unbearably warm as the heater rumbled at its fare of twigs. We began peeling off our fur garments and hanging them around the walls to dry out. I heard Sourdough Johnny's gasp of astonishment. He was staring at the tall figure of the Captain with bug-eyed admiration. The great man's form-fitting silk and wool underwear was a vivid shade of red. Compared to Johnny and me with our dull gray longjohns droopy from long wear on the trail, the Captain was like a scarlet ibis among a couple of lowly coots. I heard the old prospector mutter in his beard, "Gawd A'mighty."

The Captain pretended not to hear, but there was a twinkle in his eyes. With an unbending Old World hauteur he unrolled his reindeer sleeping bag and squatted on it. As he flexed corded muscles and went through a strenuous routine of calisthenics, he told Sourdough Johnny he'd been in training all winter for the journey ahead. He'd been making 25-mile daily ski trips on the tundra around Nome, carrying a heavy pack on his back. He'd cut down to two meals a day, which consisted mainly of concen-

trated foods like the buffalo pemmican he would be taking across the ice pack.

Sourdough Johnny was not impressed. "No need for all that rehearsing," he scoffed.

REALIZING that no word of his identity or his plans had reached the old sourdough buried deep in the Alaska wilderness, the Captain smiled. It had been a long time since anyone had regarded him as novice.

"When we stampeders want to go somewhere," Johnny was saying, "we just go. We don't have time to practise. We just toss some grub and blankets on the dogsleds and mush on our way, and the first man there stakes the richest claim." He told the Captain, "You wouldn't understand, but when a prospector hears a rumor about some new strike it's a dare he can't let pass. He'll go to the ends of the world to find new gold."

The Captain listened, amusement curling his lips. "Suppose it happened to be at the North Pole?" he asked.

Sourdough Johnny's retort was tart and sure. "North Pole, South Pole, or anywhere betwixt, it wouldn't make any difference. Give me a good tip on some yellow pay dirt and I'll be on my way tomorrow. So will every other prospector who hears the same rumor. We'll die like flies along the way, maybe, but some of us will make

it, and the gold we find there we'll use to look for more gold somewhere else. We never quit, Cap'n."

Sourdough Johnny's sudden earnestness was not lost on the famous explorer. He peered at the old prospector for a moment, then he rose to his feet and shook Johnny's hand. I looked at the tall, military figure of the Captain and the dumpy, untidy old-timer and thought that for all the distance separating their social stations, they were very much alike in heart and mind. Neither would ever give up, neither would ever stop searching for something they could never keep.

Far into the night they talked, Sourdough Johnny rambling about his experiences from the Klondike to Kotzebue, the Captain prodding his memory with questions and screening the replies for useful information. The willow brush in the oil-drum heater burned away and the hut grew cold. The candle stub flickered out—still the two men talked.

In the morning we said good-bye to the Captain. I was heading south into Nome while he was going North. Sourdough Johnny came out to help his new friend get started with the dogteam. He shouted, "Wherever you're headed, Cap'n, I hope you make it."

BUT THE Captain didn't make it; not that time. He mushed without incident the 800 miles from

Nome to Wainwright, his point of take-off. There luck took a hand. The single-engined Junkers plane which was to fly him across the North Pole to Spitzbergen crumpled its landing gear during a trial run and the venture had to be abandoned. For the Captain and his flier, Lieutenant Omdahl, to complete their mission—to be first over the top of the globe—it would be necessary to refuel on the polar ice cap where a smashed strut meant certain death.

More than two years passed before the Captain achieved his goal. Behind his final victory lay a lifetime of devotion, research, repeated tries and hardships such as few other men have survived.

First, in his home town of Oslo, Norway, a promising medical career had been shelved for the study of navigation. In 1905, at the age of 33, he had earned his title of captain by taking the small fishing smack *Gjoa* through the churning ice of the Northwest Passage, discovering at the same time the vacillating sites of the Magnetic North Pole. Six years later he blazed the first dogsledge trail to the South Pole and planted the Norwegian flag there for others to follow and find. Then in 1918 the Captain had brought his own ship, the *Maud*, around the Arctic rim of Scandinavia and Siberia through the Northeast Passage to the Bering Sea and across to Nome where I first met him.

Only the true North Pole remained to challenge the Captain that winter night of 1923 when we crowded into the hut with Sourdough Johnny. And in 1926, this time in the pilot-house of the dirigible *Norge*, he scored the final goal of his illustrious career—the first human to reach both Poles.

HE WAS SPARED but little time to enjoy his honors. Three years later while leading an air search for a rival party, he vanished into the frozen Arctic seas without a trace; a fearless, dedicated explorer to the last.

He had known few moments as carefree as those of the preceding evening and now, when he was leaving Sourdough Johnny's hovel. "Take care of that frosted beak," the old prospector had chided. For answer, the Captain roared with laughter as he scooped up a handful of snow, wadded it into a ball and placed it on the sled in front of the handlebars. Then he whooped to his dogs, raised a furred hand in farewell and faded into the blizzard. It was to be the last time I ever saw the legendary figure of Captain Roald Amundsen.

Human Nature

A New York shop owner put two identical pairs of shoes in his window, above them a sign reading: THERE IS ABSOLUTELY NO DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THESE SHOES. ONE PAIR IS PRICED AT \$6.95, THE OTHER AT \$12.95. WE JUST WANT TO SEE WHICH YOU PREFER.

Three of every four women insisted on buying the shoes for \$12.95.

A psychologist selected at random from a telephone directory the names of 100 men and women and sent each of them a dollar bill in a letter stating that was the refund of an over-payment on a previous bill. In a short time 63 of them had returned the money with a note saying that he had made a mistake.

—ELEANOR C. WOOD

The human race may for practical purposes be divided into 3 divisions. First, the honest men who mean to do right, and do it; second, the knaves who mean to do wrong, and do it; third the fools who mean to do whichever of the two is pleasanter at the moment. And these last may be divided into black fools and white fools. The black fools are they who would rather do wrong than right, but dare not unless it is the fashion; while the white fools are they who would rather do right than wrong, but dare not unless it is the fashion.

—CHARLES KINGSLEY

PLANTS THAT SAVE LIVES

by Charles H. Coleman



ANTIBIOTICS, digitalis, rauwolfia, and the other miracle medicines are only a drop in the bucket when it comes to reaping the harvest of amazing new medicines that plants of every kind are able to produce, scientists are discovering.

Every day brings some new discovery of plant enzymes that heal, substances that stimulate growth, plant extractives with antibiotic properties, and others that repel disease-carrying insects. New sources of vitamins are being discovered in plants that never before had been suspected of holding rich stores of these essential nutrients.

Take the persimmon tree, for example. This is a tree commonly found in the southern United States and in Japan. It looks a little like a tall apple tree, and bears a plum-like fruit that puckers the mouth when green. Frost turns the fruit a vivid orange color and develops

a delightfully unique flavor. Now, science is discovering that the leaves also are valuable.

According to M. Kitahara and Y. Takeuchi, College of Agriculture, Gifu University, Gifu, Japan, who have been doing research on it, the young leaves are high in vitamin C. Vitamin C helps build strong blood vessels, healthy teeth, and aids in preventing colds.

The ordinary process of tea making, the scientists say, will preserve the high vitamin C content of the young leaves. Already, interest is developing in the United States on the commercial possibilities of marketing persimmon tea. You may see it on the grocery store shelves any day soon.

A naturally occurring plant enzyme, papain, that has healing properties has been discovered by K. Kaemmerer and L. V. Erichson, University of Bonn, Germany.

Tests which have been run show

that this enzyme is useful for treating gastric disturbances in both mankind and animals. The enzyme is administered orally in a gelatin solution.

Infected wounds heal more rapidly when treated with a salve containing this enzyme. Similar results are obtained when using the salve to treat bacterial and protozoal skin infections.

DOES garlic repel you? It also repels the ticks that carry encephalitis, the disease that causes inflammation of the brain in mankind.

This strange property of garlic has been brought to light in research conducted by G. Catar, Slovenska University, Bratislava, Czechoslovakia.

Not only are ticks repelled, but thirty-five minutes' exposure to an extract of garlic will kill the germ-carriers. Substances in lemon peel have the same effect. Scientist Catar believes that common plants such as the lemon and garlic may be useful in preventing encephalitis in mankind.

Horseradish, too, is useful for things other than seasoning meats. A. G. Winter and M. Hornbostel, of Cologne, Germany, have discovered a very active volatile substance in horseradish that acts like an antibiotic towards common germs. It kills them outright or inhibits their growth. It is so active that it appears in the urine within one to

three hours after horseradish has been eaten.

Ever try counting the slices of watermelon that you have eaten, and the seeds thrown away? Scientists at the Institute for the Advancement of Pharmacists, Kiev, find that watermelon seeds contain a substance that paralyzes tapeworms and roundworms in cats. The substance is present in the fatty oil and other components of the hulls and kernels.

Even growth stimulants are available from common plants. Experiments with the green parts of fir and pine trees and juniper shrubs by K. Brencis, Institute of Animal Technology, Academy of Science, Latvia, S.S.R., show that these can act as stimulatory vitamin food supplements in the diets of hogs and sheep. About one-half pound of fresh conifer meal, mixed in with the ration fed, can boost the body weight gain of these animals by as much as 20 per cent. Analysis of the conifer meal shows that it is rich in vitamin C and other vitamins.

MANKIND and animals are not the only ones that may profit from some of the amazing medicines scientists are finding in common plants. Plants also may be kept free of some of the devastating diseases that attack them.

For example, the juice of sweet peppers has been found to inhibit almost completely the action of

every plant virus with which it comes into contact. Identification of the unknown substance and applications in agriculture could mean amazing new health for many important crops, with resulting better yields.

It would seem that plants, in the struggle for the survival of the fittest, would produce substances that would inhibit the growth of other plants. But this is not necessarily so. The discovery of a remarkable property of plants to stimulate the growth of other plants is being brought to light by current experimentation.

Bananas, for example, contain a growth stimulator. Pieces of carrot plant placed in extracts of green bananas by F. C. Steward and N. W. Simmonds, Cornell University, Ithaca, New York, grow more rapidly. Apparently the growth stimulator present in the green fruit is a natural substance which stimulates the banana to develop and ripen. Coconut milk contains a similar substance.

The importance of such plant substances, and their commercial possibilities, is pointed out in the patents that are being granted for the processes worked out for re-

moving these substances from plants and developing them for market.

A RECENT Spanish patent issued to Ernesto Ambul covers the rights to a process for soaking seeds for from one to five hours in a mixture of water which contains one part by weight of *opuntia* juice to two parts of very finely ground olive leaf.

The broad, oval flat leaves of this plant, with clusters of very sharp and long needles, are a familiar sight on the western prairies of the United States. It is generally known to westerners as prickly pear cactus. The fact that its juice contains a powerful growth stimulant which acts by speeding up cell multiplication in seeds and shoots was never before suspected. Yet, now, with patent rights issued, it may appear on the market soon.

So far, the tools of science have unlocked only a tiny portion of the treasure of better living that Mother Nature keeps safe in a Pandora's box of miracles. There remains, among the evils of poisons and drugs, a wealth of miracle plant substances awaiting discovery by the enterprising scientist.

Answers

1. Only statements 3 and 5 are necessarily true.
2. (1) No (2) Yes (3) Yes (4) No

—Quiz Questions on p. 88

In the MERCURY'S *Opinion*

1957—Year of Decision

By Russell Maguire

THE anti-Christ forces are making progress to weaken and divide us. Their “plan” has been to put us in a strait jacket, with the help of the UN and then line up the German-China-Moslem-Arab countries against us. They plan a World Government where all will be slaves to a powerful few; and the American taxpayer has been made to finance them, directly and indirectly. Conspirators “within our country” have industrialized and equipped our enemies. Now watch Israel—then Red China.

In our country, the “Forces of Darkness” during 1956 and recent years, have considerably advanced their planned revolution.

As we start a new year, it is important that we study and analyze what what we have lost, what currently is at stake, and what counter-revolutionary steps must be taken promptly.

Even a casual glance at our burdensome, interest-bearing debts will show that we have been robbed of much of our material wealth by “foreign” give-away programs. Evil men are *siphoning off our wealth to our enemies*. In fact, we are paying interest on money and materials that we give away.

Of far greater importance, we have been robbed of much of our God-given heritage. Many of your blessings and protections, given you under our great Constitution and Bill of Rights, have been taken from you. The big battle is to regain these precious freedoms. Also, there are springs of poison flowing in our midst and they must be dried up. One shocking fact we have repeatedly mentioned—at this moment, *over five million immigrants are in this country illegally*.

Remember, a great civilization is not conquered from without until it has been gutted and weakened “from within”. Lincoln said: “If this nation is ever destroyed, it will be ‘from within’.” It has happened in Greece, in Rome, and in parts of Europe. These facts of history should have taught us the folly of deficit financing, of centralization of government, of a planned economy, and of abandoning basic moral and spiritual values.

Since 1957 is the year of decision, we must all, as individuals, and together, strengthen ourselves and our country by positive action. Remember, the Bible gives us the yardstick: “Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap”, and Christ said: “He who is not for me is against me”.

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OUR COLLEGE GRADUATE *Snobocracy*

by Harold Lord Varney

A NEW and supercilious dictatorship has imposed itself upon the American people. Its pervasive influence is being felt mounting in every area of our national life. It is the dictatorship of the snob college graduate.

Unorganized for the most part, inchoate as a social group, some of the holders of the mystic A.B.s, A.M.s, and Ph.D.s nevertheless appear commandingly in any major national controversial situation. Let anyone question their authority to have the final word. Their ranks close with a snap if any vulgar fellow from the wrong side of the intellectual tracks has the presumption to question the eternal rightness of the bearer of a college degree.

It is not an absolute dictatorship. There are many independent-spirited Americans who hold the magic sheepskin who disdain the snob poise of the professional intellectual. But it is probable that the majority of the degree-holders in America think, act and vote as a compact opinion group.

The number of able Americans whose careers have been snubbed out because they incurred the disapproval of the A.B.s is much larger than suspected. In the present national political climate, it is little

short of deadly to be labelled as a disbeliever in the rightness of these collegians.

A striking example of the solidarity of the Ivy League elite was given during the Joe McCarthy investigations of Communist infiltration. The Wisconsin fighter enjoyed a considerable amount of egg-head support, active or passive, during the early months of his probings.

But one day he had the hardihood to cast the shadow of his investigation upon President Nathan M. Pusey of sacrosanct Harvard. What followed was roughly similar to the roof falling down upon his head. From the date of the Pusey inquiry the McCarthy career went into a tailspin which culminated in the brutal Senate vote of condemnation. The collegians had recognized him as a threat to their hitherto unchallenged hegemony.

How did the A.B.'s zoom up into their present position of inordinate power in America? Only a few decades ago, no label was surer ballot-box poison for a public man than the label of "the scholar in politics." Collegians in the Chester Allen Arthur-Grover Cleveland period of American pol-

itics were usually regarded as amiable incompetents who shouldn't be taken too seriously by the practical men who ran the show. If they won Federal jobs, they were usually hidden away at some statistician's desk where few saw them and even fewer read their dry-as-dust pronouncements.

From this inglorious past, the collegian has now leaped to the forefront of the Washington stage. Where collegians are not themselves VIPs, they now stand at the VIP's side in serried ranks, writing his speeches, planning his political plays, and learnedly "sampling" his constituency. It is not an exaggeration to say that the A.B. (or Ph.D) has recreated the government job in the image of his horn-streaked self.

How has he done this? The most simple explanation is that he has done it through sheer numbers. The agglomeration which the late Ortega y Gasset used to describe as the central phenomenon of modern society is exemplified in the increase of college-educated men and women. They are pouring out upon us from approximately 1,900 institutions authorized to confer degrees. In 1952-53, the last year for which total figures were compiled, 358,699 Americans received degrees from U.S. colleges and universities, ranging from A.B. to Ph.D. The total of all degree-holders now moving about in our national population must be little short of

4,000,000. A generation ago, it was probably hardly more than an eighth of this total.

ANY POPULATION group as sizable as this inevitably takes on a group-consciousness. Without any formal act of organization, members of such a group naturally act together on issues which concern their status and prerogatives. The source spring of their power is their invariable herding together against the outsider. There is something almost tribal in this habitized behavior. In a casteless America, the A.B.s are the nearest thing we have to a cohesive caste of snobs which expects to enjoy emoluments and priorities by sheer reason of membership. It is a privilege-demanding elite, speaking in the disarming language of a democratic society.

How this operates can be seen in the far-reaching civil service systems which screen the jobs of the 5,000,000 Federal, State, County and municipal public servants. Aside from the dwindling number of political sinecures and the manual posts, this whole vast jungle of employment is a closed reservation to all except the diploma-carriers. Civil service A.B.s write the examination papers and civil service A.B.s declare the appointees. It is inevitable that few outside the tribe ever break into this favored and socially important government employee company.

This practice spills over from public employment into wide areas of our private institutional life. In banks and insurance companies, in corporation executive offices, in newspapers and publishing houses, in advertising agencies, woe betide the applicant for employment whose credentials lack the precious A.B. Nine times out of ten, the placement officer who interviews him is himself an A.B., who inescapably feels that the thing which gives him his own distinction is the touchstone of occupational superiority. The non-collegian finds all the A.B.s in confederacy against him when he endeavors to enter their closed field of status.

The flower of the stratification of society by college degrees may be seen in the educational field. Here there is some justification for academic requirements. But the degree obsession in our schools and colleges has been carried beyond all bounds of rationality. Individual teachers spend fear-haunted lives working frantically in summer sessions and sabbaticals for additional degrees which will assure them some modest advancement in the school hierarchy. This rat-race is so suicidal that today, even the acquirement of a Ph.D. is advancing many teachers no higher than a high-school faculty. The life of the average teacher today is consumed, not in seeking knowledge, but in piling college degrees like Pelion upon Ossa on top of each other.

AN INEVITABLE consequence of this preoccupation with college degrees is the suffocating "expertitis" which is creeping over our economic and institutional life. Today we have "experts" at ample fees in virtually every chamber of our organized life. Nearly all are collegians. Most of these experts, outside the technological field, are frauds. But they give insecure and non-college-trained executives the illusion that they are receiving the guidance of academic minds.

The phenomenon of the "expert" in our society is undoubtedly a throwback to the mentality of the witch doctor and the mumbo-jumbo man, but few business executives dare to act without them. The influence which such "expert" eggheads have acquired in our economy gives the tribe a jugular clutch upon our social system.

As the A.B.s have grown, their organizations and pressure groups have proliferated. Such outfits as the National Education Association, the American Association of University Professors, the numerous engineering associations, the medical, dental and public-health organizations, the unions and private societies of government employees, the various learned societies, the Advertising Council, the American Association of Social Workers, the American Library Association, the Public Relations Council, etc., are citadels of egg-head influence. They supply im-

pressive fronts for the political and opinion-conditioning activities of the collegians. As a whole, they are a powerful and alert opinion bloc in America which few ambitious Americans care to affront.

The mechanics of public-opinion formation is always difficult to perceive. Like the proverbial iceberg, its largest surface is usually unsuspected and unseen. In this instance, the steps by which the A.B.s have gotten their fingers upon the throttle of American life are difficult to trace. But we can see the results. Behind the fictional rule of the tycoons and the politicians, American life today is shaped unceasingly by the beliefs, the objectives and the prejudices of the A.B.s. A compact, highly articulate, strategically placed population group, they color the very idiom of our national political language. Their attitudes constitute the opinion picture of 1956 America.

ALL OF WHICH might perhaps be enduring if their influence was politically inspirational, or even coherent. Unfortunately it is not. The intellectual atmosphere which the A.B.s have created is a gray atmosphere of careful, calculating, tailor-made minds. Even its enthusiasms are denatured and watered down to the lowest common denominator of educated, school-made banality. Conformity to the success-gods of the era is the inviolable code. The intellectual maverick

who disregards his code is a marked and haunted man. The great prizes of the contemporary academic and public life are forever denied him.

One has only to recall at random a few of the names of the mavericks of our time to realize the richness of the talent which society blacklists because it does not walk in goosestep with our college-made and approved opinion-makers.

The A.B.s and the Ph.D.s who emerge from our production-line colleges and universities are no Samurai caste, dedicated to great and high-minded national ends. They are more apt to be careerists, security-chasers and cultivators of useful contacts. Their ranks are filled with small-souls whose eyes seldom lift from the lucrative and respectable job which is the goal of their four-year studies.

Their prevailing mood, after graduation, is to "play it safe" in a nation which is literally strangling for want of high adventure and courageous, risk-taking character. Their influence in this A.B.-ridden period is predictably to be on the side of a little and inglorious America, rather than on the side of that dynamic America which, with courage, we might become.

The world which the A.B.s are building is not a world for heroes. It is a world of entrenched and arrogant mediocrity. Certainly, the America which they have taken over deserves a better ruling class.

NO THIRD CUSTOMERS

By Roy Elkins

DRIVING in East Tennessee, I had lost my way and the country store looked like a good place to ask directions. The unpainted weatherboarding was covered with advertising that all but hid the small identifying sign "Harless Grocery, Wayne Harless, Prop."

At the door was a sign of distinction. In bold black and red letters, it was enough to startle anyone accustomed to the subtle ways of city merchants: "We skin every third customer. The second one just went out."

From inside came a chuckle. "Come on in," said a pleasant voice. "I'm Harless. I ain't skinnin' anyone today."

Around the walls of the store were other pieces of "personal philosophy," each penned laboriously on a small piece of paper.

"Eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow your wife may come home."

"Actions don't always speak louder than words. But they tell fewer lies."

"Think! If you could kick the person responsible for your troubles, how soon could you sit down?"

"Never try to please a woman. It's the things that a woman doesn't need that she needs most to make her happy."

"They're all mine," grinned Harless, "so I naturally think they're pretty good. But over here is my pride and joy."

"Three-fourths of the earth's surface is water, one-fourth land," said a sign on the door. "So why shouldn't we spend about three times as much time fishing as plowing?"

Harless slapped his leg with a giant hand. "You know," he laughed, "some women don't get the humor in that. But their men do."



The One and Only **GEORGETOWN**

by Mrs. Harold Hinton

THERE'S a square mile or so in Washington, quaint and homey, secluded and serene, where many laws and pacts that rule the world have their genesis.

Apart from the Capital and yet within its boundaries, the section is known as Georgetown. Named for an English King more than 200 years ago, Georgetown was a thriving community and the home of the local governing class when Washington was swamp and farmland. Today it is still the home of the governing class, no longer local but national; even global.

The merchants, importers and

plantation owners of that dim day have been succeeded by many who make the laws of the United States and many who execute them. The teacups and flagons of that bygone time have been replaced by glasses for on-the-rocks or cocktails. The beribboned and petticoated dames of long ago have been followed by matrons and girls of the modern charm-displaying era. But America's governing class still lives here.

Here in the afternoon of the 18th century were found in common counsel answers to local problems of the day. And here in the afternoon of the 20th century the powerful politicians of America and their humbler subordinates thresh ideas for the problems of the world.

Much legislation that shapes the nation's foreign policy springs from informal get-togethers in the homes and gardens of Georgetown. Where George Washington in an early day met with his cronies, Tommy ("The Cork") Corcoran strummed his guitar a generation ago while dreaming up New Deal legislation, and Harry ("The Hop") Hopkins held caucus with his pals to devise new ways for ending breadlines.

Today, the habit lingers in Georgetown. Here raw ideas find words, to be nurtured and polished and in final form submitted to Congress. Some of those in Senate or House who champion the ideas to the lawbook, have voice in the preliminary discussions.

Georgetown's stately Dumbarton Oaks, for instance, was prenatal setting for the United Nations. That was more than a decade ago. Today, to cite another instance, although a minor one, Foreign Aid Director John Hollister in his Georgetown home plans distribution throughout the world of the vast sums for economic uplift placed at his disposal.

From his Georgetown home salaries forth daily—when Congress is in session—the State Department's liaison with Capitol Hill, Bob Hill, six feet and 230 pounds of cheery persuasion. A traveled diplomat of experience and know-how in argument, he has the job of selling Congress the Department's ideas; of advising his boss, the ever-traveling John Foster Dulles, what Congress thinks of those ideas.

ADMINISTRATIONS come and go, but whether the ideas spawned in Georgetown bear Democratic labels or Republican makes little difference. Close, clanish and contented, Georgetown takes them all in stride and rolls with the political punches.

Here, for example, was Bob Taft's home. Mr. Republican was beloved by his Georgetown neighbors. So was Dean Acheson, who used to walk the brick sidewalks with Felix Frankfurter daily on their way to work. No smooth cement ways were these; the ladies of Georgetown wouldn't change

what they call their "damned lovely bricks that may turn an ankle at any step."

Taft's parties and friendly interest warmed Georgetown. And when Acheson came home of a bleak January day in 1953 after shaking Harry Truman's hand in farewell, Georgetown hustled en masse to give him a spontaneous ovation in the street.

Outside of Georgetown, Messrs. Big may fight like the devil over cross-purposes. But at home they are just Good Neighbors in non-partisan friendship. A parade out of *Who's Who* and the *Social Register*, they step out once a year with their ladies to sing Christmas carols in the streets, wholly uncaring whether it's a Democrat or a Republican who sings bass or tenor.

Naturally such a setting has been a powerful magnet to many a lavish lobbyist and many a comfortable home does the tribe maintain here. They soon meld with the community.

All that and more—much more—is the Georgetown whose sons, temporary or permanent, have more to do with running the world than those of any other square mile anywhere. They are poles apart, some of them, in the ideas and notions they hatch for Congress. But they are tight as set cement when anything or anyone threatens the serenity of their little community. Only one of their residents has

jarred them by such a move. He is Allen Dulles, John Foster's brother, who heads the ultra-hush-hush Central Intelligence Agency.

ALLEN DULLES set his heart on a multi-million-dollar headquarters in nearby Virginia for his agency. Ten thousand or more (exact number classified, of course) of his underlings would use it. To get there, they would have to pour a torrent of motor vehicles over Georgetown's narrow streets. With visions of exclusiveness giving way to noisy traffic confusion, many a resident objected.

But Congress gave him his way—and Georgetown doesn't like it. It is one of those unliked things, however, which Georgetown may have to lump.

So intent on preserving the charm of Georgetown are its residents that leaders have united in a close corporation to fend off any threat thereto. For pure prominence and social elan, that corporation is unmatched anywhere.

Georgetowners have developed techniques for living at close quarters and keeping out of each other's hair. High split-cedar fences, brick walls or white-painted fences make every garden impregnable. Knot-hole peeping or yoohooing from garden to garden or from overlooking windows is not encouraged. Thus in seclusion were State Department bigwigs given opportunity to ponder Nasser's insults and

Egypt's Aswan Dam, to find plausible words for blotting out the restricted lure of more than a billion dollars for the Dam's construction. From a drawing room in Georgetown to the River Nile is a far way, yet in this fashion were they linked.

Not only Egypt but all the world is the subject of long, long thoughts of Georgetown's eggheads whose earnest desire has been, and is, Great Uplift to the backward nooks and crannies of the globe.

Here it was that Harold Stassen pointed up bright new ideas in his home. Stassen no longer lives in Georgetown, but the habit he formed there of doing something for—or to—others apparently stayed with him when he left. A recent prominent subject of his solicitude was another former Georgetown resident, Christian Herter, who moved away to become Governor of Massachusetts.

Nowhere else are there found so many persons to the square block whose hearts yearn to serve mankind from the public treasury. The idea has bloomed to its finest flower here; not always, however, does the beneficiary have to live under a strange flag.

A Georgetown widow, for instance, wondered for two years why her sidewalk was always clean when she went out to sweep it, and why the grass on her tree space never grew tall but always was neatly groomed. One day, she surprised her nextdoor neighbor

sweeping and cutting, and learned that he had quietly been caring for her sidewalk and grass all that time.

Hundreds of happy underlings who think up ideas and do spadework for their government chieftains live in Georgetown. In summer they gather in someone's garden and swap ideas over hamburgers cooking on a charcoal grill. In winter, many go down of an evening to Billy Martin's restaurant or Chez Odette and after highballs, stroll off to make their plans before cheery wood fires.

Georgetown is steeped in tradition like a brew of the Old South. It has its aristocratic old families and its *nouveau riche*. It has its soft young men who like to do interior decorating and its hard old ladies who like to do carpentry. Its air is redolent of bygone days. Here, for instance, relaxed such notables as Alexander Graham Bell. Here, too, tradition tells, came Abraham Lincoln of nights to consult his favorite fortune teller from time to time.

Not everyone in Georgetown loved Lincoln, though the townsmen (and some of the women) gave him respectful welcome when he came, as he did often, to visit hospitalized Union soldiers. Many recalled that the hospital had been a young ladies' school attended by their daughters. When he was assassinated, the District's Military Governor ordered all Washington

to drape its doors with black. But one Georgetown woman simply tied a black shoelace around her gatepost.

SUBSTITUTE the contour, garden chaise longue for the porch rocker and you have Georgetown's version of a Southern town's front porch. Few houses actually have porches. Most of them abut the street. Attractive front doors and sidewalk greenery are their contributions to neighborhood beauty. Many have the kitchen in front, past which one goes to reception rooms facing the garden.

The atmosphere of 18th century homes restored to classic beauty—even the new homes are built to look like old ones restored—captivated topflight office-holders in the long years of the Roosevelt-Truman era. They nested here and hatched their daring innovations.

When the Republicans took over in 1953, they looked on Georgetown and found it good. They moved in by scores and hundreds, but the ousted Democrats, inured to its gracious way of life, lingered on. There was bitter political fighting in downtown Washington and at the Capitol, but little of it was brought home to Georgetown.

Isolationist Henry Cabot Lodge, turned internationalist, could denounce his Georgetown neighbor, Bob Taft, on the Senate floor as a "phleggee bird" that flies backward and "never sees where it is going

but always where it has been." In their social contacts at home, one would never know it. And when another Georgetown, young John Kennedy, trounced Lodge in the fight for Lodge's Senate seat, all shades of the community's social life grieved. Their grief was not political, for Kennedy was a top favorite; they were sorry that an old friend was leaving.

IN THE EARLY DAYS of the Eisenhower Administration, there was a feeling among some of the incoming Republican officials that they should not live in Georgetown, locale of such great Democratic naughtiness. There were hesitant ones who wanted elsewhere. Rumor had it that Herbert Hoover, Jr., Under Secretary of State, for instance, just wouldn't live in Georgetown because he preferred not to be subject to its influence.

Taft's invalided wife, Martha, lullabyed that hesitancy to slumber. She gave one of the first parties for the new First Lady, Mamie Eisenhower. The scene was the Taft home in the same block as Tudor Place, Georgetown's most beautiful historic mansion; it had been George and Martha Washington's wedding present to her granddaughter.

Isolationists and Internationalists, Republicans and Democrats, flocked to the Taft home. It was late in the afternoon of a day when the Senate had been locked in a

wrangle over the confirmation of Chip Bohlen as Ambassador to Russia. Virtually all actors in the Senate drama came along, urbane, courteous, smiling.

Senators Bill Knowland and Joe McCarthy had been tangling at the Capitol like lusty cats tied by their tails over a clothesline. But now they purred in silken social harmony. There was only one echo of the noisy political discord at the party. That came from Lady Astor of England, the Virginia beauty who had married a title, and who was as well known for her acid tongue as for her fading loveliness.

Audibly, when McCarthy was taking a little snort, she remarked, "Too bad it isn't poison!" But Nancy Astor wasn't then of Georgetown or of Georgetown's way of talking.

Mr. Republican himself indicated to his new colleagues that Georgetown was their fitting residence. Aiding him were Senator Ralph Flanders of Vermont, and Representatives Dick Wigglesworth of Massachusetts and Robert Hale of Maine, rockribbed Republicans who had been popular in the community for years.

They came by platoons, those newly-inducted G.O.P. chieftains—Sinclair Weeks, Marion Folsom, Dr. Leonard Scheele, lately Surgeon General, and many an Assistant Secretary.

Into this setting come on leave, from time to time, the nation's am-

bassadors to such far-off lands as Indonesia, India, Portugal, Colombia, and the Philippines.

Privacy akin to that of the bridal chamber attends these fateful meetings. Not even the many lobbyists—non-blattant, the cream of their calling—try to pry. Down to the State Department goes Herman Phleger, its official legal adviser. Across to the White House motors John Foster Dulles or Hoover. And up to the Capitol in time may go a messenger bearing Presidential

ideas of treatment for our foreign affairs.

SUCH are the ways of Georgetown. Let no man now try to change them—or its oldtime shrines.

The Georgetowners prefer to keep things as they are. Living in the matchless mile where sprout laws of mighty import, they pool wits and effort to win their battles—battles which have a far-reaching effect on the history of the world.

This Crime Excused

All the evidence pointed conclusively to Henry L. Chancey as the guilty person in the theft of a pouch of registered mail, yet he was never brought to trial. Henry was a nice, likeable young man who worked as a railway clerk in Macon, Georgia, until his employers received a report from him that a registered pouch containing more than \$30,000.00, consigned to a local bank, had gone astray.

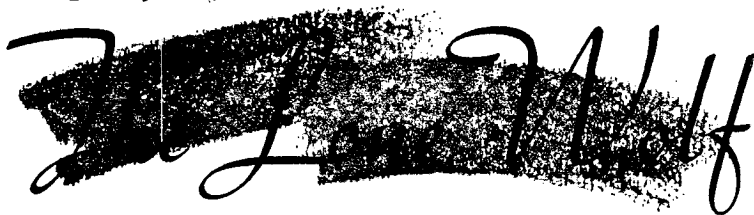
Railroad detectives, working in conjunction with Post Office inspectors, came to the inescapable conclusion that Henry could not point to the thief as anyone but himself—yet they could not trap him with questions, and they could not find any trace of the money. Nevertheless they put him in jail. His past was unblemished and nothing important was uncovered except some unusual things about his war record in the Marine Corps.

That night they visited him in his cell and, without waking him, questioned him about the missing pouch and asked him what he had done with the money. He answered without waking—then got up, dressed himself while still asleep, and led the investigators to a deserted farm on the outskirts of town. There he dug up the missing money, still intact in the pouch. The curious truth is that he had stolen it in his sleep, and had buried it while asleep. Awake, he honestly knew nothing about the theft—asleep his subconscious mind remembered what it had done before.

Henry was exonerated of any wrongdoing, and was not treated as a criminal, but kept on the job and given treatment to curb his sleepwalking.

—JOSEPH ARKIN

Tragedy of



by Helen Thompson

TED is one of those people who would rather have a private room in hell than a seat of honor in crowded heaven.

All his life Ted has avoided people. He isn't married, he has no close friends, and he never goes home to Maine to see his folks. What's more, he has never capitalized on his unquestioned ability as an architect because he won't compete with anybody for anything.

Most of us elect to be alone now and then as a counterbalance to the hurried, pressure-filled lives we lead. The significant thing about Ted's way of living is that he didn't choose it. He was, perhaps, conditioned that way. And now he's afraid to change.

When you know Ted's story, you understand how he feels about other human beings. You understand why he is willing to sacrifice everything—prestige, security, friendship—if only he can have his “independence.”

Ted was the only child of a stern, middle-aged couple who expected far more of their youngster than any little boy can deliver. No matter how hard he tried, Ted had the feeling they weren't quite satisfied with him. Also, Ted's mother and father were a cold, humorless pair who felt that any display of emotion was in bad taste, in fact, that it might be sinful.

Understandably Ted was never close to his parents. And because the experience of feeling unloved made him shy, he was virtually friendless throughout his childhood. He felt disliked even by his teachers who scolded him because his performance in school did not begin to measure up to his ability, another outgrowth of his lack of self-assurance. Is it any wonder that today Ted draws away from people?

Although he does not realize it, Ted's problem is forcing him to live a negative life. He doesn't want

to be involved with people, to be a member of any group, professional or social. He takes pride in not being obligated to anybody for anything. Ted is being deprived of the success and happiness that he should have because his childhood experience has made him afraid to feel—to form relationships that would require the least response.

RUTH is another person with an intense dislike of close human relationships. The eldest of seven children, her childhood was made miserable by too much work and too much responsibility. Her younger brothers and sisters were left in her care while her parents tended their store. The experience of having so much demanded of her as a youngster has made Ruth wary of people. Unconsciously she is afraid to get close to others because she was exploited to the limit in her most important relationships during the formative years. Today Ruth resents any sort of demand from another person. A generous woman who likes to give surprise presents, she resents giving Christmas and birthday gifts because she feels obligated to give them. And although she is unaware of it, her habit of being five minutes late for work reveals her unconscious resentment at any one who expects her to be anywhere at a certain time.

Like Ted, Ruth sets great store by being independent. They both

see independence as an end in itself. They do not want to be alone for any purpose, to work at a hobby, to develop a talent or to further their careers. That fact underscores the neurotic nature of their aloofness.

Both Ruth and Ted are intelligent, sensitive people who will admit to themselves—if to no else—that something is lacking in their lives. Their misery is not a tragedy; it is their one hope for a future that will be different from their past. For only because of dissatisfaction with their narrow, empty lives will they be willing to undergo the struggle that is inevitable when any of us determines to change his personality.

If you are a person with lone wolf tendencies who wants to get closer to other people you will have to face the fact that all your rationalizing about self-reliance and independence is a false front. It's nothing more than one of the barriers you have erected to keep people at a distance. And you are ahead if you have the least awareness that your rationalizing is an intellectual superstructure beneath which lies a deep wish for normal human relationships. It is a psychological truth that the strength of any defense is a measure of the depth of the need it hides. The man who brags loudest is the one least sure of himself; the woman who tells you she doesn't care about getting older is the one who is

bothered by the passing of the years.

In avoiding people so pointedly, you have been protesting too much. And you have been avoiding them not because you do not like other people, as you've insisted, but because you are afraid of being hurt by them. At some critical time in your life those closest to you hurt you so deeply that you're afraid to give anything in a relationship with another person because doing so may make you vulnerable to another damaging experience. That is the tragedy of the lone wolf. He lets hurt suffered in years past rob him of happiness he deeply wants and needs.

After you have abandoned the rationalizing you've been using to screen your inability to feel close to people, think deeply about your manner toward your acquaintances and associates. Would you describe it as aloof, or perhaps cold? If so, it's highly probable that you are in the habit of suppressing feeling in all areas of your life. You will have taken a big step toward becoming a warmer person if you can learn to be comfortable about expressing emotion.

To help in this respect you'll find it easier to begin with things rather than people. A creative hobby can be a big help. How about your music? What if it has been years since you touched a piano? If you used to enjoy playing, why

not rent a piano and see if it can help you loosen some of those feelings you've kept bottled up all these years? Or maybe you've a hankering to try your hand at sketching. If you can't bring yourself to take an art course, buy some supplies and see what you can do on your own. Keep in mind that what you hope to gain is emotional release—not masterpieces. If you enjoy sketching—regardless of your critical judgment of your efforts—you are on the right track. You are on the way to becoming a warmer, freer person, with a deepened capacity for human relationships.

Next, if self-appraisal reveals that you enjoy feeling superior to other people, start a campaign to get rid of that block to friendship. It may well be that you are superior in achievement to many of your acquaintances and associates. What is significant is the special satisfaction you get out of your superiority.

If you take pleasure in comparing your accomplishments with those of people who haven't done as well as you have, the chances are you're driving yourself too hard. Remember that your attitude toward others is a reliable index of how you feel toward yourself. There is sound psychological truth in the Biblical injunction to love your neighbor as yourself. It's a good bet, too, that away back in your childhood, you were made to feel that you weren't good enough

unless you were better than everybody else. That is why you have been so competitive all these years. That is why it is so important to you to be on top. See to it that those feelings left over from past experience do not wreck your capacity for friendship today.

You'll find that if you can ease up on yourself, you'll be more charitable toward others. You don't have to be perfect and neither do they.

Once you start moving toward people, be prepared for some unevenness in your first attempts at real friendships, particularly if you are approaching those you have heretofore been avoiding. Give them a little time to get oriented to your changed personality. Don't be discouraged if the men and women you've kept at a distance fail to greet you with open arms the first time you approach.

That's only what any reasonable person would expect, you may be thinking. Well, once you decide to break down the barrier that has been separating you from people, you may find yourself with feelings that are anything but reasonable.

You may find you no longer want to be aloof. Instead you have an overwhelming urge to be with people, almost anybody and everybody. That urge may puzzle you and even humiliate you a little. Well, refuse to feel humiliated and refuse to let yourself in for any orgy of self-criticism. Recognize this sudden gregariousness as a stage you're going through on your way to being a warmer, friendlier person.

It won't always be easy but you can get through the rough places if you want to badly enough. That is the one and only essential; you have to want to get closer to other people strongly enough to weather the storms preceding smooth sailing.

The smooth sailing is bound to come if you keep going. And keeping going is easier if you never let yourself forget that everything in life is made better and more meaningful if it is shared. Remember, too, that without struggle there is no growth and without growth you can never become the warm, beloved person you want so much to be.

A small-time football coach with a reputation for optimism came into the locker room to give his team a pre-game pep talk.

"All right, boys," he cried cheerily, "here we are, unbeaten, untied and unscored upon—and ready for the first game of the season!"

—From *Say It Ain't So*, by Mac Davis. Dial Press, New York, Publishers. Copyright 1953, by Mac Davis



Money Made Mysterious . . .

By PAUL STEVENS

PART III

ARTICLE I, Section 8, Part 5 of the Constitution of the United States reads: "Congress shall have the power to coin Money and regulate the value thereof."

In those twelve short words, the citizen of the United States was given a more complete insurance and protection of all his rights and liberties than is afforded him by all the rest of the Constitution combined, with the exception of the first Ten Amendments known as the Bill of Rights.

Through Alexander Hamilton, (Hamilton was not his real name) Congress was persuaded, in 1791, to grant a charter to a privately owned "Bank of issue"—a bank which usurped the people's power to issue money. Said William Pitt, the brilliant English Statesman: "The American Colonies have won their independence, but it will do them no good because they have adopted the private banking system."

When President Andrew Jackson refused to renew the charter of this "Bank of the United States," he said: "The bold efforts the present

bank has made to control the government, the distress it has wantonly caused, are but premonitions of the fate which awaits the American people should they be deluded into a perpetuation of this institution or the establishment of another like it."

But in 1863, disregarding Lincoln's advice, Congress passed the "National Bank Act," giving private interests the power to coin and issue money, and collect interest on U. S. bonds which the government issued to cover various issues of money. Lincoln nevertheless issued some \$450,000,000 *into direct circulation*. (Called "greenbacks," this issue of money has never cost the American people one cent of interest.)

Lincoln told the people: "As a result of the war, corporations have been enthroned and an era of corruption in high places will follow and the money power will endeavor to prolong its reign by working on the prejudices of the people until wealth is aggregated in the hands of a few and the

Republic is destroyed. I feel at this moment more anxiety for the safety of my country than ever before, even in the midst of the war."

After Lincoln was assassinated, the German statesman and soldier Bismarck said: "The death of Lincoln was a disaster for Christendom. . . . I fear that foreign bankers with their craftiness and tortuous tricks will entirely control the exuberant riches of America and use them systematically to corrupt modern civilization. They will not hesitate to plunge the whole of Christendom into wars and chaos in order that the earth shall become their inheritance."

TO EXPLAIN how this plan is accomplished . . . when a group of private bankers control the issue of money, they are able to issue more money and credit than is required, thus creating inflation. Then, by suddenly tightening credit and making money "hard," they can reverse the trend and cause depression, or panic. Money planners take advantage of the manipulated curves between inflation and depression, buy at depression prices and sell at inflation prices. It's as simple as that. But this plan works much better when the planners control all the money of all the nations of the world. Hence, the current drive for world government, a world bank and a one-world currency.

The National Bank Act was

passed in 1863. Lincoln was shot in 1865. Every American President *who understood and vigorously opposed the Money Power died violently while in office.*

The panic of 1873 was bad. The panic of 1893 was so much worse that the International Bankers were forced to take a hand in the perfecting of their control over American money. The "Federal Reserve Bank Act of 1913" was the result of this action. Paul Warburg—the German international banker—came out to the United States, took out citizenship papers and nursed the bill through Congress. The people were fooled, including William Jennings Bryan, the spokesman for Silver. They all were told that the "Federal Reserve Act" was a good piece of legislation. It is dubious that many of them read the 4000 pages of small print. President Wilson later admitted the ghastliness of their error. In 1916, Wilson got out from under the shadow of his alter ego, Colonel Edward Mendel House, long enough to say:

"A great industrial nation is controlled by its system of credit (ability to cause recurrent inflations/depressions). Our system of credit is concentrated. The growth of the nation, therefore, and all our activities are in the hands of a few men. . . . We have come to be one of the worst ruled, one of the most completely controlled and dominated governments in the civilized world—no longer a government by

free opinion, no longer a government by conviction and the vote of the majority, but a government by the opinion and duress of small groups of dominant men."

THE "Federal Reserve Bank Act" made it possible to finance world wars. World War I started the next year. With the money barons riding high in the saddle again, with the necessary godless Bolshevik State of Russia having been established in 1917, with international banking money, and the German people well under control, then came the panic of 1921. It brought ruin to 35 million Americans living on farms, and thousands of banks and merchants located in farming communities. It drained billions of dollars out of agricultural districts and into the big banks in the cities.

The community banker, the backbone of this nation, practically disappeared from the American scene as a result of the panic of 1921.

From then on, independent bankers were to bow to the will of the Federal Reserve Bank controllers, or be totally destroyed by Roosevelt's "bank holiday" order which was to come during the next controlled panic.

The panic of 1929 was to be the *coup de grâce*—the panic which would permit the introduction of the New Deal Plan of Socialized Democracy, which is planned to continue as our form of govern-

ment until we are completely submerged into World Government!

How the planners accomplished these deeds. . . . In 1927, a manipulated "inflation" began. American stocks and bonds started soaring in value.

Money from all over the world started pouring into the United States, particularly from England and Holland. Montague C. Norman—then president of the Rothschild-controlled Bank of England—came to the United States to urge the Federal Reserve Banks to reduce the rediscount rate on loans. Eleven of the twelve Federal Reserve Banks, still not totally controlled by the international bankers, resisted the pressure for a time. But the great Federal Reserve Bank in New York City demanded a reduction, and the rest of the system had to fall in line.

The lower rate was adopted, and all Reserve Banks were ordered to buy Government bonds. This caused a frenzy of speculation. With these newly-purchased Government bonds as a base, the privately owned Federal Reserve Banks then issued billions of their own new "Federal Reserve money." This caused wilder and wilder speculation.

THEN, the "Planners" pulled the plug in 1929 and the United States suffered its greatest panic. Baruch, Morgenthau, Weinberg, Warburg and many others made

millions by unloading at the right time, and by later reinvesting in practically all of America's industry. Thus, the international bankers "bought" large parts of industrial America. Then they started operating it for their own profit, under their own New Deal plan of gov-

ernment.

When some countries of the world rebelled, there was controlled World War II. Today, we find ourselves in another period of promoted wars and controlled inflation. More will be told in coming issues of the MERCURY.

The largest two per cent of the banks in the country now control over fifty-eight per cent of all bank deposits. Over 800 commercial banks have been eliminated since 1950 through mergers.

During the 1920's, when the economic expansion of the country was confined to big business the way it is today, the need to meet the demand for big business credit also stimulated banking mergers.

Increased concentration of control over the country's financial resources has always meant a loss of economic freedom for farmers and small businessmen.

From 30,000 banks in the early thirties, we now have 14,000. We must encourage the independent bank serving local people and prevent too much concentration in banking.

—From Congressman Wright Patman's Weekly News Letter.

Tito and Yugoslavia

The "propaganda" from now on will be that Tito has established an independent Communist regime. You will be told that Tito has successfully defied the USSR. It will be said that other captive nations are also freeing themselves. All of this is untrue. Don't let them fool you. In Poland, Hungary, East Germany and other "Captive" Countries, the people hate the foreign leaders who have enslaved them. In time they will successfully overthrow their tyrants. But today, the facts are:

1. Information available proves that Tito is part of the international Communist conspiracy and furthers it.

2. Tito's Deputy Prime Minister, Moshe Pijade, is, and always has been a close friend of Lazar M. Kaganovitch, the deputy prime minister of Russia. Their relationship was maintained during the phony Stalin split. Pijade is the ideological brains and main guiding influence behind Tito. Pijade is also a very close friend of Geroe, the tyrant of Hungary.

3. Tito is an important part of the world government conspiracy.

4. Yugoslavia has serious economic troubles and would collapse but for our help.

5. Research men state that the Rockefeller Chase Manhattan Bank and J. H. Whitney and company have large loans and investments in Yugoslavia in the hundreds of millions.

6. Milhailovitch was the great Christian patriot of Yugoslavia. He was killed. Tito is the marked card in a crooked "Marxist One World" deck.

Do You Know?

» The international cartel system (for the control of trade and commerce), makes the Rothschilds, the Rockefellers, the Lehmans, the Warburgs and the Weinbergs "brotherhood brothers."

» J. Edgar Hoover was commended for placing in the record the revolting history of Voroshilov, the once "respectable" President of the "respectable" Soviet Union. Hoover stated: "President Voroshilov once openly boasted to our Ambassador at Moscow, Mr. Bullitt, that a particular time he urged 11,000 (loyal Russian) officers at Kiev to surrender. He said if they surrendered he would guarantee that they and their families would be allowed to return to their homes. He then boasted that after they surrendered he executed all 11,000 officers, and all male children, and put the wives and daughters into brothels for the use of the Russian army."

» The U. S. Communist Party once named Tito and Stalin as two of the three greatest men. Today, Moshe Pijade is the brains in back of Communist Tito and Lazar M. Kaganovitch is the most powerful man of Red Russia. Kaganovitch will be liquidated.

» The Rockefellers give away their money to foundations and "certain projects" but they make sure that they and their satellites keep a firm hold on the throttle of the locomotive they are guiding.

» That Red Russian leaders, in conspiracy with some people in New York City, have planned to bleed and then isolate the United States and then take the country over *from within*.

» That our unprotected paper dollar will go on declining as the *planned* perpetual war and "planned" inflation goes on.

» The concentration of economic power in internationalist hands can only end in One World Communism.

» The conspirators are mobilizing the Middle East, Asia and Africa against Western civilization for the overthrow of Christendom.

» That the Past National Commander of the American Legion, Seaborn P. Collins, recently launched a strong attack on the Fund for the Republic (offshoot of the Ford Foundation), warning members of the Legion that the Fund is "threatening and may succeed in crippling the national security," and

accusing the Fund of "constant, loaded criticism of congressional and administration efforts to resist Communist infiltration." He said the Fund tries to persuade America that Communism is no danger to the U. S. Paul G. Hoffman recently received an award from Yeshida University.

» That in 1929, corporations had \$85 left out of each \$100 of net income, after taxes. In 1953 they had only \$46 left. The decline continues.

» That on December 23, 1913, when the sinister Federal Reserve Act was adopted during Christmas holidays our Federal debt was \$12.27 for each man, woman and child. Today the individual debt is fantastic.

» That your property is being taken through government debt, which inflates the money supply and cheapens the purchasing power of your dollar.

» That Senator Jenner, in 1949, exposed General George C. Marshall as being the "grave-digger" of our Far Eastern Policy. More sad facts are yet to be printed about Marshall. Also about other planned events involving Formosa.

» That under the 16th Amendment, the Federal government can tax or confiscate incomes without limit. Furthermore, the Federal estate tax is a capital levy—without limitation.

» That the international bankers have loaded the people with debt. It came as a result of "their planned wars" from which they have greatly benefited. The people continue to pay 7,000 million dollars each year, as interest alone and they will still have the crushing perpetual interest-bearing debt.

» The people of England are now investigating Baron Rothschild's influence on the disloyal Burgess and MacLean. Americans who unnecessarily lost their sons in Korea should also investigate.

» That the world's greatest crisis is: The Cross of Christ versus the double cross of godless Communism.

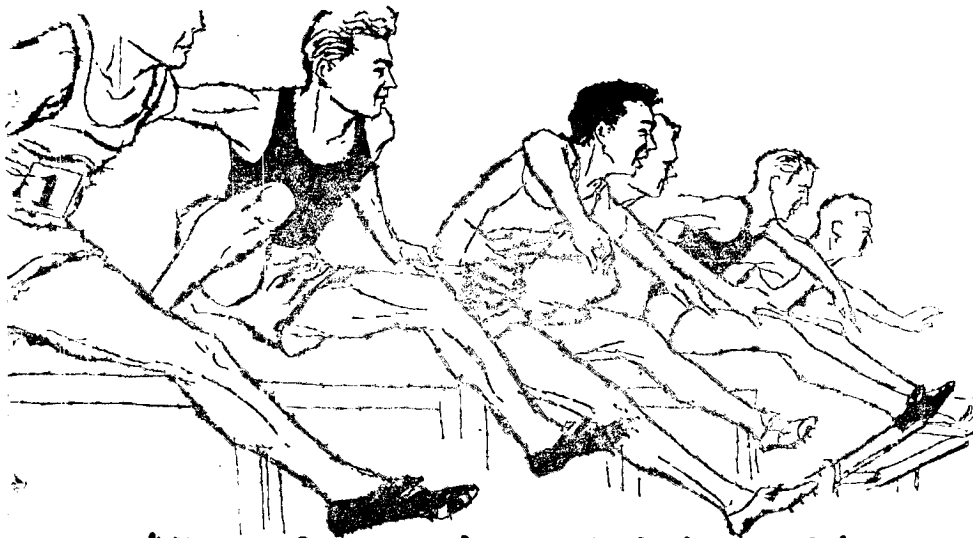
PROMOTED WORLD WARS!

Those who have been indifferent to the plans of the conspirators "within our country" should mark well the following warning of September 26, 1956.

"Denver, Sept. 26-(AP)- The cost to the United States of a third world war might run anywhere from \$1,500,000,000,000 to \$4,000,000,000,000.

"That estimate came from Navy Comdr. Eugene R. Blandin of the Industrial College of the Armed Forces in an address at a national-resources conference here.

" 'For some reason, major wars in the United States have a way of costing just about ten times what the previous one did,' Blandin said. 'The War Between the States cost \$3,900,000,000, the First World War cost \$39,600,000,000, and the Second World War cost \$386,000,000,000.' "



"Ever See a Natural Athlete?"

by Samuel Stanley

CHANCES ARE, when you've watched or played a game, you've wondered just what it is that makes a good player good. How, actually, does he get that way? What is the secret?

Although most experts will agree that the answer isn't simple, one fact does stand out. There are players who can take up almost any game and look good right from the start. These people function apparently without effort and seem to have a know-how that cannot be taught. They're "naturals." Perhaps you've met one.

In sports, natural ability is not only a fact, it's a quality that can be analyzed. True, there's a limit to the potency of the gift; for instance, no one ever won a major

golf tournament the first time he picked up a club. Still, the evidence does show that for winning success, some people have a natural headstart.

To analyze that gift the first step is to think of it as natural *adaptability*. For this term best describes the set of basic, inborn assets which give the owner a certain facility. There's no mystery about those assets. For adaptability has two sides, a physical and a mental.

Hard the physical side, certainly, isn't hard to understand. Scientists already have tests that pin-point the bodily traits and prove that certain easily identifiable elements combine in the make-up of successful athletes. Furthermore, while each investigator has his separate list, two

elements, strength and coordination, are listed throughout.

But strength and coordination, though perhaps the most important, are still only parts of the picture. Good athletes have other qualities too, such as endurance, motor ability and speed of legs. Physique alone is no index to those qualities. A he-man's build may not mean a thing.

ATHLETIC ability, those scientists finally realized, depends on an almost exact number of mental and physical traits. Dr. Frederick Cozens, of the University of California, has worked up an especially full set of tests for measuring athletic ability. Other experts used different yardsticks, but their ideas all point to one conclusion: a good athlete is a composite of several plainly-defined elements. He's not only strong, well-coordinated, quick-witted but also fully in command of his various resources. In other words, the shape of his body isn't important; what that body holds is what counts.

After Dr. Cozens had devised his tests he applied them to a group of students, some athletes, others not. The results were gratifying. The *average* score of the athletes was equalled by only 3 out of 10 in the rest of the group.

In the same way Dr. D. A. Sargent, of the Sargent School in Cambridge, proved his point. He used a "jump test," an operation which,

at first glance, resembles nothing more than a man trying frantically to bump his head. The subject squats, then with a leap, tries to touch his scalp to a disc suspended above him.

Dr. Sargent figured that with the disc hung two feet above his full height, the man who can crack it squarely must really have something that an athlete needs. The evidence bore this out. The doctor tried his test on a group of college students—and found that 41% of those who were athletes scored in the group's highest 10%.

Another expert, Dr. F. R. Rogers of Columbia, once made some studies at Montclair High School, New Jersey. He found that athletes were stronger than 90% of other boys in school. Other things being equal, Dr. Rogers believes that the stronger the man, the better the athlete.

In this group we also should mention a third example—body command. This describes a trait that, although hard to pin-point, probably outranks all the rest. Although there are no practical tests for this trait, where it does exist, the fact is obvious enough.

Body command is the peculiar knack of making the most of your natural equipment. An athlete with this trait forces his body to click like a well-tuned airplane engine. His talents work for him—he can compel them.

Nobody ever boasted this gift more emphatically than the late

Babe Ruth. The Babe could call on his talents whenever he chose for an all-out, first-prize performance.

Once a group of psychologists at Columbia University persuaded the great star to come up and answer some questions. Naturally the thing they hoped to find out was, just what, psychologically, made a Ruth. Progress, however, was painfully slow and finally the Babe lost patience.

"I don't know nothin' more to say," he snorted. "But I'll tell you what I'll do." He pulled some tickets from his coat pockets. "Come out to the park this afternoon and I'll hit a home run for you." The scientists jumped at the offer.

Out at the park, they settled eagerly into their seats. Innings passed, eight of them, and still nothing happened. The score was tied. Then for the fourth time the Babe came to bat. He took a ball, and then a strike and then circled the bases. So although Ruth couldn't put it into words, still he came up with the most important answer. He had the knack of mobilizing his talents.

TWO MORE TRAITS belonging to the picture are motor ability and secondary reaction. The first, in the language of experts, means agility, balance and body control. The other trait, secondary reaction, refers to quick muscular reflexes.

The evidence of anatomy suggests still another trait since sur-

geons claim that people vary in the degree of liveliness of their muscles. Call it what you like—resiliency, sharp response—some muscular systems have more life than others; it's a chemical difference in the tissues.

For an example of how one great athlete's sinews were visibly different from the average man's consider this one. In an operation performed on Jack Lovelock, New Zealand distance runner, the surgeon found himself faced with a ticklish choice. The moment had arrived when, normally, a tourniquet must be clamped above the severed tissue. The doctor glanced at the exposed leg muscles, then quickly he made up his mind. Instead of a tourniquet he used sponges to stanch the bleeding for he had noticed something that made it vital. The texture of Lovelock's muscles was extraordinarily fine. So fine, in fact, that stopping the flow of blood could mean damage to the tissue cells. Lovelock's legs might never be as good. And after all, those were legs that had carried the owner to fame.

On the physical side then, these traits—strength, coordination, lively muscles, body command and the rest—seem to be the basic raw material of natural adaptability. But that's only useful for all-round athletes. Any given sport calls for something more, some special excellence, a combination of particular gifts. Batting, for instance, places

a premium on "eye accommodation," which has a very simple meaning. It comes down to the knack of keeping your eye glued on a moving object.

Eye-accommodation is an important asset in many sports. Take tennis for example. One well-known pro, Charlie Wood of Palm Beach, says that he and Vincent Richards once made a little game of trying to read the titles on revolving phonograph records. Richards could read them almost every time, word for word. Obviously, a feat like that calls for maximum eye-accommodation. And this trait stood out in Richards' uncanny volleying.

On the subject of batting Stan Musial says proper timing is the first essential. It's hard to argue this is not a natural gift. For instance, Ted Williams starts his swing only a split second before meeting the ball. It isn't likely the average man could match this trick with any amount of practice. The fact seems clear that the experts have an innate sense of good timing.

One day a 16-year-old high school lad astonished Dink Templeton, Stanford track coach, by running 100 yards in a fraction under ten seconds. What made the feat especially remarkable was that the kid had had almost no coaching. When Templeton heard the result, he cornered the lad and did his best to interest him in trying for a

track career. The effort failed. The boy cared only for baseball and football, sports at which he'd had no great success, nor ever would have.

Bear in mind that the sprinter's gift is highly specialized. The blend of strength, coordination, lively muscles—whatever the ingredients—that enables a man to run 100 yards in 10 seconds is no certificate of general athletic ability. Certainly the great outfielder or the All-American back is by no means necessarily an all-round athletic genius. Ruth's talents worked for Ruth *only* in baseball. In the same way Bill Tilden tried pretty hard at golf and Gene Tunney tackled various other sports besides boxing, without notable success.

Nothing suggests that these great stars could have reached equal heights in another sport. In his chosen sport each one, however, could and did make superlative use of his gifts. Any good athlete knows his strongest points. Instinctively, he'll gravitate toward the field where he can use them to full advantage.

AS WE'VE SEEN, it's mostly fine muscles and sensitive nerves that account for outstanding performance. In certain sports, though, sometimes other organic factors play even bigger roles.

Some while ago John Marshall, the Yale aquatic star, was examined by a group of scientists for what

made him tick. According to sports writers his stamina could be traced either to snorkel breathing or to a hidden set of gills. Instead, the examiners found the largest heart they'd ever looked at, along with lungs that took in more oxygen per breath than any athlete's they'd ever tested.

There's still a mental side to adaptability, the side that takes in the intangible things. These qualities of the mind and heart sometimes outweigh all the others.

POPULAR BELIEF has most athletes tabbed as somewhat dumb. It's true that the "dumb athlete" may occasionally turn up, but his type is certainly not the rule. The fact is, good athletes generally are also intelligent people.

In Montclair High School, that same Dr. Rogers who found the athletes the stronger boys, also plied them with I.Q. tests. The results were eye-opening. Those varsity players emerged as above average for high-school students. Other investigators have run their own separate tests—all with similar results.

Assuming that good athletes have good mentality, then, logically, some of the complex workings that go with it should enter the picture. Complexes, inhibitions and other bugbears all have roots in the basic emotions (such as fear or anger). Thus, aspiring athletes who look like flops might easily be stymied by some mental quirk, since the

basic emotions are closely involved with so-called big muscle activities. For example, the fellow who seems afraid to go all out may be faced with an overwhelming fear of failure. If he can't conquer it he'll get nowhere, whatever his gifts. Rex Barney, ex-Brooklyn pitcher, offers a tragic example. No sadder case of blasted hope is in the books.

In 1946, when Barney came to the Dodgers, he seemed headed for greatness. Rex had blinding speed, a crackling curve, and although he did have one bad fault—wildness—the Dodgers felt he would overcome it. But he never did. The ball just wouldn't obey. Vainly, he searched for control. The Dodgers tried everything—physio-therapy, new coaches—without success. Shortly afterward he was shipped to the minors. No injury has crippled his arm; nothing actually ails him anywhere. So what keeps him from cashing in on his gifts? The answer must lie somewhere in the complexity of his emotions. Those conflicting impulses that govern his muscles apparently short-circuit his control.

Coming back to the question of adaptability, or what it takes to be a "natural athlete," it's pretty clear that one essential is a healthy mental outlook. That doesn't mean that a good athlete is proof against occasional lapses; and some anxiety can be healthy and serve a purpose.

Certainly the great stars we've talked about were gifted people.

But that doesn't mean they just sat back and saw fame dumped in their laps. Far from it. Each one put in long hours and worked hard for what he got. And the same would hold true for any "natural athlete" if he wanted to be more than just good.

SO NATURAL athletes do exist and can be identified. They are the people who play games well because they were born with what it takes. And this quality is best described as "natural adaptability." Analyzed, it can be shown to consist of a set of recognizable gifts.

It's true you might see the picture of adaptability in different as-

pects. Some features, however, would persist. These would be strength, coordination, stamina and intelligence, plus the peculiar knack—body command—of making those assets pay off. Furthermore, some combination of other physical traits—agility, balance, secondary reaction—would be part of the picture. And it's probable that at least one anatomical factor, lively muscles, could be identified all the way through. Finally, a background of sound mental adjustment must be there to give meaning to all else.

That's the equipment of a natural athlete. That's why, in sport, the player who has it stands out above the crowd.

Light Maneuvers

THE REPORT of training from the Strategic Air Command's survival school in Nevada lists their maneuver menu of four field mice, four chipmunks, 14 snakes, 56 squirrels, 104 porcupines, and over six thousand "miscellaneous frogs and fish."

At one Texas air base a pilot training group protects itself from fledgling Air Force "tigers" with this sign over the headquarters door: "Scratch Before Entering."

A Navy ensign left the Cedar Grove, New Jersey, police puzzled after inquiring about a marriage license. Told to go the town registrar's office nearby he left, but returned shortly to say he had changed his mind, then bought a dog license for \$2 and drove off with a good-looking blond at his side.

In Belleville, Illinois, at a reception fostering better relations between Scott Air Force Base and the community, someone removed the stars from Major General Edward Underhill's coat.



Your Librarian TALKS BACK

by Leonore Feinstein

THERE is a stereotype which has long outlived any semblance of reality. The public's notion of a public librarian is as outmoded as the Wright Brothers' first plane. According to this stereotype, the librarian is a grim-faced, middle-aged maiden whose main purpose in life is to keep as many books as possible in place on the shelves at all times. This goal she achieves by:

1. Imparting to the building the atmosphere of a mortuary;
2. Collecting exorbitant fines for overdue books and;
3. Locking up the most attractive books.

She is, in short, a modern day Medusa whose baleful glare turns to stone all but the most stalwart

seekers after knowledge and literary entertainment.

Before I refute this canard, allow me to startle you with a librarian's eye-view of the general public. Let us grant at the start that most library patrons are literate, educated, well-mannered folk who have in common with each other and with their librarian a fondness for the printed word. If this were not so, there would be very few librarians. Inasmuch as neither riches nor glory accrues to the librarian, hers would indeed be an unrewarding profession if all library patrons fell into one or more of the following categories:

1. The non-reader who requires only to use the washroom, uses it and departs forever with the key.

2. The patron who seeks shelter from the rain and falls asleep with his wet head cradled in the latest issue of *Life*.

3. The teen-ager who has a rendezvous with the boy friend her parents disapprove of and who embarrasses the more conventional patrons (not the librarian; she is unshockable) by smooching in the stacks.

4. The mother who leaves her children in the Boys' and Girls' Room while she goes shopping and doesn't return till half an hour after closing time.

5. Absent-minded readers who use as book marks: Letters to be mailed (the librarian mails them); valentines; shoe laces; matches; bills; receipts; toilet paper; bobbie pins; Kleenex (used and unused); nail files, and occasionally a \$20 bill (returned, of course). When such objects as half-eaten slices of salami, raw bacon, chewing gum (chewed and unchewed), buttered toast and chocolate bars (with and without wrappers) are left in books, can you blame the librarian for suspecting that much of America's reading habits could be described as alimentary as well as elementary?

6. The reader who talks to the author in the margins with a *red pencil*.

7. The anonymous show-off who does the double-croctic in an egg-head weekly magazine.

8. The mutilator who slices irre-

placeable plates from text and art books.

9. The thief who steals (there is no euphemistic term for this, is there?) books on sex, art, chess, dressmaking, etc. If you have wondered why books on these subjects must be locked up, now you know. In one branch, six copies of *Ideal Marriage* were stolen before the disillusioned librarian put the seventh in the locked case. (Locked case books are allowed to circulate. All you have to do is ask.)

10. The contestant in a newspaper contest. This pathetic but incorrigible species of vandal has made a shambles of many public library reference collections.

11. The who-dun-it reader who can't remember from week to week which gory roads he has already escaped down and blames the librarian for allowing him to pursue a stale trail.

12. The patron who announces, "I want that red book again—the one by Larry Walters that I had out last week." After a while she adds that the book was about a ship that sank and then it's easy to find *A Night to Remember* by Walter Lord, even though the branch's copy happens to be bound in blue.

13. The patron who, when he keeps a book so long overdue that the fine equals its original price, says: "If I have to pay that much, I might as well keep the book," disregarding the fact that it may

be out-of-print and therefore unobtainable except at a premium price.

14. The bigot who thinks that the librarian should act as a censor rather than as a selector of books and that on controversial subjects, it is sufficient to represent only one point of view (his own, of course) in the library.

15. The patron who thinks that a librarian's only duties are to charge out books and to collect fines.

Now to blast that stereotype. To obtain a job as a librarian today, it is no longer enough to be a well-read gentlewoman to whom a genteel occupation is more important than lamb chops on the table. Except in rural areas where salaries are too low to lure trained personnel, qualifications for professional library jobs are becoming higher and higher, as are the salaries, although in many instances librarians earn even less than our underpaid teachers.

Today's metropolitan librarian has had four years of college and at least one post-graduate year in the study of library science. Clerical assistants now charge out the books, type the overdue notices and collect the fines, leaving the librari-

an free to answer reference questions; give book talks to adults; tell stories to children; acquaint teen-agers with the mass of material relating to their own problems; lead discussions on all manner of subjects from home-making to politics; guide ambitious readers in self-education projects, and above all to make the library's book collection a *living* monument to the wisdom and culture of the ages.

As for keeping books on the shelves, does it surprise you to learn that branch librarians vie with each other for the largest circulation?

The old-fashioned custodial type librarian is all but extinct. Of the current library school class at the University of California, 39 are women; 28 are *men*. Of the 39 women, 17 are already married and the other 22 are attractive enough to remain single only by choice.

Next time you visit your library, take a *real* look at your librarian. Have a chat with her (or him) and find out what special services are available to everyone, from the tiniest tot to the most venerable citizen. You will discover that today's public librarian loves people as well as books, and has dedicated her (or his) professional life to the pleasant task of introducing them to each other.

Psychiatrists are people who believe a little yearning is a dangerous thing.

—GEORGE HART

A Lesson for the Free World

AUSTRALIA THWARTS COMMUNISM

by

F. Andrew Werner

ON APRIL 3, 1954, Colonel V. M. Petrov, chief of the Soviet political-espionage organization in Australia, surrendered and handed over his files to the Australian Security Service. The ensuing publicity and proceedings of the Australian Royal Commission on Soviet Espionage, due perhaps to Australia's remoteness, did not get as much attention in the United States as the defection of Gouzenko in neighboring Canada in 1946. However, the facts unearthed by the Australian Royal Commission on Espionage were not less spectacular and the contents of the Soviet espionage files no less important to the United States.

The surrender of Colonel Petrov revealed an espionage activity directed by the Soviet Government against a foreign country, namely Australia and her population as a whole. The instructions of the Moscow intelligence center to its agents referred to Australia as "the enemy."

The official files made it evident that members of the Soviet Em-

bassy in Australia under the protection of their diplomatic immunity were engaged in spy-activities against their host-country, acting upon specific instructions of the USSR. Colonel Petrov's organizations in Australia attempted to penetrate the Australian Federal Government first of all through the Department of External Affairs and by endeavoring to recruit agents for the USSR from all walks of life.

The content of the Petrov documents revealed in full the subversive work of the Soviets in a country with which it pretended to maintain ordinary diplomatic relations.

It was recognized that Soviet-Australia relations had been strained by the Petrov move. Any public use to be made of the intelligence files would be certain to unleash the full fury of the Soviet Government. This fact might have economic repercussions since the USSR had been a bidder at Australian wool auctions.

Robert G. Menzies, Prime Minister of Australia, a statesman with

courage and a deep sense of responsibility towards his own country and towards the whole free world, set up a Royal Commission. This commission was made up of three State Supreme Court judges to investigate publicly and ascertain the details of the organization and the methods and aims of the Soviet spy-ring in Australia. Never before has a Government of a Western country given its citizens such an opportunity to see for themselves the workings of the Soviet spy-system.

The files of Colonel Petrov and the evidence of 119 witnesses examined by the Australian Royal Commission on Espionage demonstrated that the Australian Communists were, without exception, fervent agents of the Soviets. Evidence before the commission proved beyond doubt that Australian Communists felt no allegiance at all toward their own country when choosing between the interests of the Soviet and the interests of Australia. They were ready and willing to further the Soviet cause at any time and at any cost—even to the point of the destruction of their own native Australia's sovereignty.

HIGH-RANKING Communist functionaries protested that the Communist Party was merely one of the Australian political parties. However, conclusive evidence was produced before the Commission

that the Australian Communist Party was acting in many cases upon direct orders received from Moscow and that the Party has obtained funds from the USSR.

The Royal Commission found that the Soviet Government paid the Australian Communist Party for expenses incurred in a 1951 campaign to defeat a government proposal that the Parliament be given broader powers to make laws dealing with Communists and Communism. The case vividly illustrates how Moscow interferes with domestic political affairs of sovereign countries.

Apart from the actual Party members, the Soviet intelligence in Australia recruited an auxiliary force of persons whose role it was to conceal their Communist affiliations and to operate in the guise of ordinary loyal Australian citizens. This group provided, according to the findings of the Royal Commission on Espionage, the most dangerous unit of helpers in fifth-column and espionage work. Public servants, journalists, scientists, professional men, writers and businessmen were cited by the Commission as having been agents or occasional helpers of Soviet intelligence.

The most shameful and ironical feature of the Australian investigations was the exposure of well-to-do private businessmen who were prepared to cooperate with the Soviet—the arch-enemy of in-

dividual initiative and destroyer of private enterprise.

The evidence showed that Western businessmen wishing to trade with the Soviets or other Communist-controlled countries cannot limit themselves to purely business activities in the Western sense of the word. Export and import in the USSR and other Communist countries are solely in the hands of Government agencies. Private business and private export-import activities are unknown in Communist countries and consequently any Western businessman desirous to sell to or to buy from Communist countries must negotiate with Government officials in charge of foreign trade operations. The duty of these officials is not to limit themselves to business negotiations but in addition through social contacts to "study" the Western businessman with an eye to his possible use for Communist intelligence.

Building up a foreign market is always a difficult, tedious and expensive task and once a Western businessman has established a lucrative market for his products, the threat of closing-down can always be used as a lever.

It was proved before the Commission that persons who trade with the Communist countries are susceptible to Communist pressure. Moscow and its satellites welcome Western businessmen engaged in trade with them since such persons could lend valuable aid to the So-

viet intelligence in the establishment and maintenance of undercover intelligence organizations and in the providing of commercial cover for transmission of funds and communications.

The number of private businessmen who were prepared to serve as agents of the Soviet in Australia was small; nevertheless their mere existence is a deadly serious warning not only for Australia, but also for the United States and the whole free world.

THE OFFICIAL Soviet documents handed over to the Australian Security Service confirmed that one of the tasks of the Soviet intelligence in Moscow is to spy and report on Australians and others who were allowed to visit the Soviet Union, Communist China and other Communist countries. They take particular note of people who made the visit as members of delegations to "Peace Congresses" or "Youth Rallies." The Soviet aim was to learn of persons who after their return to Australia could be used by the Communists.

The most deplorable figure in the proceedings of the Australian Royal Commission on Espionage was H. E. Evatt, leader of the Australian Labor Party. Two of his secretaries, A. T. Dalziel and A. T. Grundeman, figured in the Soviet documents as sources of information on Australian political matters and as close friends of

Soviet Embassy officials. When the two secretaries were summoned by the Royal Commission to give evidence, Evatt appeared for them as counsel. In the course of his appearance before the Royal Commission Evatt gradually took over the legal assistance of one R. E. Lockwood, Australian Communist journalist and agent of the Soviet spy ring in Australia, a main figure in the Royal Commission's proceedings.

Evatt's primary aim in appearing before the Royal Commission on Espionage was to obtain a platform where he could allege that the documents of Colonel Petrov were fabricated as a part of a conspiracy to injure him and the Labor Party. These allegations turned out to be fantastic and wholly unsupported by any credible evidence. Evatt attempted to reduce the proceedings conducted by three Supreme Court judges to the level of a tavern gathering until the Royal Commission was compelled to withdraw his permission to appear.

The Petrov documents threw a sharp light on Evatt's real political attitude. One Fergan O'Sullivan, a journalist and agent of the Soviet spy-ring in Australia, was press secretary to Evatt until he was exposed as a Soviet agent and Evatt dismissed him as a source of embarrassment. Had it not been for Colonel Petrov's surrender, the USSR would have had an agent as a close assistant to the Leader of

the Australian Labor Party and Leader of the Federal Parliamentary opposition.

And, for that matter, if, at the Australian Federal elections in May 1954, the conservative Government of R. G. Menzies had lost to the Labor Party, Evatt would have become Prime Minister with a Soviet agent as his press secretary. A great sin of Evatt's Labor Party was that on many occasions it served as a channel for Communist activities and was a willing tool of the Australian Communist Party and its affiliate organizations.

Evatt and his Labor Party championed and were instrumental in the spreading of the "Hate America" slogan. It is only as a result of the conservative Menzies Government's determined, straightforward and successful policy that this senseless and hysterical propaganda cry has subsided.

IN OPPOSITION TO Evatt's efforts to impose a Communist policy on the Australian Labor Party, the right-wing members founded, in 1955, the "Anti-Communist Australian Labor Party."

Australia and the U. S. are partners in the Treaty for the mutual defense of the south-west Pacific and SEATO. In addition there are 718 American corporations operating in Australia. Thus, the political, military and economic happenings are of great importance to the

United States for, despite geographical aloofness, Australia is an integral part of the Western world and a convinced and fervent champion of Western Christian civilization.

The Soviet Union is fully aware of Australia's defense potential and her importance to the United States and is subsequently intensely interested in every aspect of American-Australian cooperation.

In his evidence given before the Royal Commission on Espionage Colonel Petrov stated that the Sovi-

et intelligence in Australia was unable to find out anything about the work of American counter-intelligence organizations.

The Menzies Government's blow against the Communists and their fellow travelers was an action planned and executed with courage, political skill and calmness. It proved a success and gave much encouragement to the Anti-Communist forces in Australia and the free world.

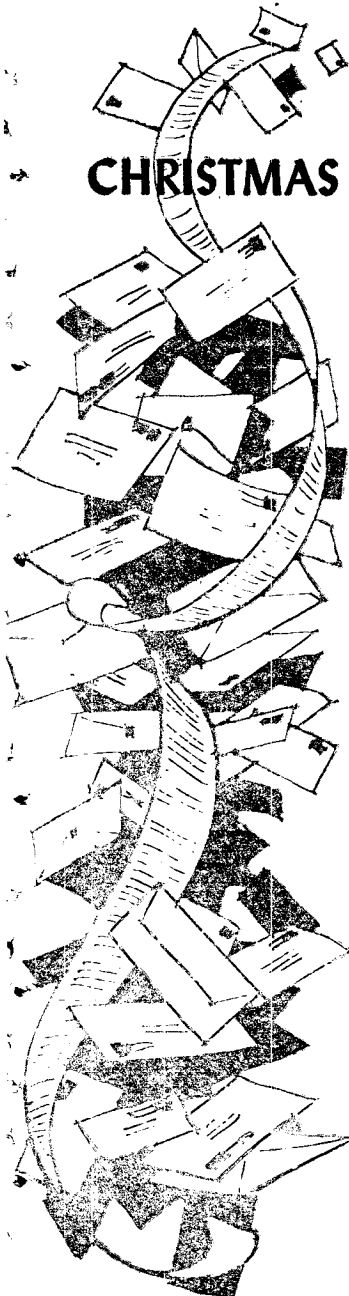
Strange Bibles in Russia

When Chancellor Adenauer of the West German Republic went to Moscow for an official visit, the Kremlin authorities were induced to agree to return to Germany a number of German war prisoners. One of these war prisoners who recently came back to Germany related a very unusual method by which the Holy Scriptures were circulated in some parts of Russia.

It is a known fact that for some thirty years no Bibles, Christian hymn books and other Christian literature could be printed behind the Iron Curtain. Yet there were always people there hungry for God's Bread of Life.

This war prisoner had taken with him his New Testament when he had been sent to the front. When he was captured by the Russians, in some miraculous way he succeeded in retaining his New Testament when he was placed with many others in the Soviet prison camp. When other war prisoners found out that he had a New Testament, they asked him urgently to loan it to them, so that they could not only read it but also make copies for themselves. This they then began to do, but on what? There was no writing paper in the war prisoners' camp which they might use for this purpose. But, as the old saying goes, necessity is the mother of invention.

The war prisoners found some old cement sacks of thick wrapping paper. This met their need. And thus, using secretly their spare moments, little by little they made ten complete copies of the whole New Testament on the old cast-away cement sacks. These ten manuscript cement sack Testaments were then handed out among other war prisoners, when they met in deepest secret for worship and prayer. "The Word God is not bound" (2 Tim. 2:9).



CHRISTMAS LIST

King Size

by

D. S. Halacy, Jr.

EVER wonder what would happen if you sent a Christmas card to someone like Winston Churchill? Or how much work is involved in mailing out 3,500 season's greetings? W. R. Murhamer of Phoenix, Arizona, can tell you the answer to both questions.

Back in 1952, "Goodwill Bill", as he has been called, decided he should have a hobby to supplement his work as gatekeeper of Phoenix's South Mountain Park. Murhamer, a friendly 67-year-old with a ready grin and a love for people, already made it a practice to hand out cards with cheerful greetings to park visitors. His boss, Pete Ferguson, suggested spreading his smiling good nature all over the world with Christmas cards.

Bill armed himself with "Who's Who" and began combing the newspapers for likely recipients of his messages of peace and good cheer. When the last of the 3,500 envelopes was sealed and addressed, he sat back to see what would result. The first answer came from Winston Churchill.

The Prime Minister's reply was not just a card but a personal note that said, "Thank you so much for thinking of us at Christmas. Every good wish for the New Year." And Churchill had signed it. A recent park visitor offered Murhamer a hundred dollars for the note.

Before the pleasant surprise wore off, the

Murhamers found themselves buried under an international avalanche. The mailman alternated between awe and groans as mail continued to come. Tiny cards, just a couple of inches square, and others a foot across. Letters, too, arrived and telegrams were received—one from an African Gold Coast chieftain.

Murhamer bought a scrapbook to mount his cards. Soon afterward, he bought another. From his first year's mail, over two thousand replies came back, and he bought more and larger books. Today, he is working on his ninth, a huge leather-covered one, approximately two feet by three feet in size.

The books are so bulky that a friend made Bill a sturdy adjustable stand to place them on while he works on them. As the answers poured in, a filing system was demanded. Now, boxes containing thousands of cards listed by country constitute the bookkeeping part of the project.

Browsing through the collection is like a world tour; Bill says he lacks but two countries. Tiny Andorra and Mongolia have eluded him so far, but he is working on them.

He has nine kings in his collection, not counting Umberto in exile. Elizabeth and Juliana are among the queens. The Duke de Alba and the Grand Duchess of Luxembourg are in the same book with Prince Tungi and Princess

Mata'aho of the Tonga Islands. There are presidents, premiers, ambassadors and delegates. Bill had the idea of writing anyone who might aid the cause of world peace, and his list includes mayors from all over the world. In his quest for premiers, though, he hit a snag. The card addressed to Stalin was intercepted and the Park had a visit from the FBI. There were some embarrassing moments until the agent looked through the collection and came across a card from his own boss, J. Edgar Hoover!

NOT ALL the greetings are from notables in world affairs. One of Bill's most touching letters came from Andrew Umo of Nigeria. And a Christmas card went to an Englishwoman who saved the lives of a number of American fliers lost in bad weather.

Some of the recipients of Bill's Christmas messages have become good friends with the Arizona gate-keeper. Harold C. Green, Waterman by appointment to Her Royal Highness, Queen Elizabeth, writes regularly. As Waterman, he operates a fleet of barges and ships and also receives an annual retainer from the Queen. At the Coronation, it was Green who carried the royal crown and jewels, riding on the back of a coach. The custom dates back to the time when this was done on the river Thames in a royal barge. Through his letters

to Green, Murhamer has received excellent pictures of the Corona-tion and also some new names to add to his Christmas card list.

The list of names in the big scrapbooks includes those of Pope Pius and Pastor Niemoller, Leopold Figl and Julius Raab, Adenauer and the Aga Khan. Madame Pandit and Clare Luce are included along with Pearl Mesta who wrote, "What a thoughtful idea it is to spread smiles through the mail."

Albert Schweitzer had his Dutch nurse write a letter in appreciation for Bill's work, and Chief White Bear sent Christmas wishes from Rawlings, Wyoming. Count von Luckner, the old Sea Devil, ended his note, "Never say die!" Albert Woolson, the last surviving Union Army soldier, is Bill's oldest name at 109.

Keeping up with the Premier of France is a tough job, but Bill is current so far. He says it is discouraging to work hard and finally add a dignitary to his list only to have the man deposed.

One with whom he hasn't been successful is Nehru of India. However, Bill salves his pride by showing a greeting from H. K. Nehru, India's Ambassador to Red China. Missing no bets in his attempt to spread the good tidings at Christmas, Bill doesn't let any curtains stop his cards. Ask about Red China, and he shows cards from all the top men in Peking.

Chou En-lai, Mao Tse-tung and others, including the mayor. There are five dignitaries in all, and another, the Charge D'Affaires of the People's Government, answered from London.

On the romantic front, cards have come in from Princess Margaret Rose and Peter Townsend. There was one from Prince Ranier of Monaco, and Bill confidently expects greetings from Princess Grace next time.

Writers and news commentators seemed a good bet for words of peace, and Bill has exchanged cards with Kaltenborn, Heatter and others. There is even a note from Ilya Ehrenberg, the Russian journalist.

OCCASIONALLY there is the touch of tragedy in the answers Bill gets. His last reply to a card sent General DeGaulle was a black-edged envelope. This happened, too, in the case of the French president who died shortly after Bill sent him a card. Vargas was a suicide, and there have been assassinations. Pasha Hadj Thami El Glaoui, the gay blade of Morocco, died the day his card arrived in Phoenix. Four of the envelopes bear the terse notification, "Salvaged From Aircraft Crash". One of them, from Anthony Eden, is scorched and fused to an enclosed photograph. It survived an accident that killed 26 passengers, Bill learned later.

All the cards coming in means lots of stamps. With over 8,000 replies, some with a dozen stamps adorning them, the collection is a potential gold mine. While many cards come in English, foreign tongues are well represented. Some greetings are printed in two languages, and one says Merry Christmas in five!

Most of Bill's list is surprised to hear from him the first time, and the answers are interesting. One, from the Deputy Prime Minister of Czechoslovakia, thanked him for the kind words from "your remote and interesting land of Arizona". An Indian, Rajah Bhor, asked if Arizona was near California.

Not all think of Murhamer's home as remote, however, and the gatekeeper never knows who is going to drop in on him! Last summer, the Premier of Tunisia visited with him for two days. Prince Emmanuel of Lichtenstein has twice come to the Park. So far,

more than 100 people from 26 foreign lands have stopped by to talk with Bill and sign his book.

Bill is sure he is helping promote peace. People are people, he says, showing a long letter from Cecil B. DeMille. The producer had just returned from Egypt and his comment was just that: "... people are people, much the same the world over. Good thoughts, like those in your message, crossing boundaries of nation, race, and creed, can be among the strongest builders of good will and peace."

This year, the Murhamers again will mail out cards. Bill orders 5,000 because, in addition to the 3,500 regular recipients there are local friends and Park visitors to be remembered. The cost of the cards, plus the postage, mounts up to a very large sum of money, but with the smile of a man well-pleased with what he is doing Murhamer asks, "How better can you spend money?"

Vanishing Vanquished

A young, upward climbing, junior executive was attending one of those Eastern cocktail parties for the first time. Unaccustomed to making the necessary brittle and fragmentary remarks, he was attempting to start an actual conversation.

He was jostled into a silver haired individual who smiled at him and said, "We're like Indians packed in a Reservation, aren't we?"

Seizing the opportunity, the young man replied, "Yes, and it's rather a shame that all we've done to honor that vanishing race is to put the Indian head on the nickel."

In true cocktail conversational style, the silver haired one said, moving away, "Now what shall we do to honor the vanishing nickel."

—KEN SHIVELY

The astonishing story of the greatest series of military blunders ever recorded in a single battle on American soil.

**BUNKER'S
HILL**



BOSTON

The Battle of Bungle Hill

by
Wade S. Mosby

FEW EPISODES in the history of the United States conjure up as much feeling of patriotism and pride as the Battle of Bunker Hill. The phrase rolls off the tongue like a spirited ruffle of drums, and somehow most of us associate the event with brave deeds and brilliant maneuvers which, because God was on our side, were finally crowned with glorious victory.

But legends are likely to be-

come a bit blurred, and there are a few things wrong with this picture. To start with, there never was a battle at Bunker hill. All the fighting was for possession of a less imposing hummock known as Breed's hill. When you get right down to it, history records the events of that hot day of June 17, 1775, as the Battle of Charlestown.

From the military standpoint, the battle was unique principally

because of the well nigh incredible bungling on both sides. Most distressing of all, although our forefathers put up a fine show for a while, they finally fled in disorder, the redcoats hot on their tails, and we ingloriously lost what we now know as the Battle of Bunker Hill.

The whole outcome of the American revolution may very well have been at stake that day, for if the British had pursued their advantage, they could have bagged the entire American force and by so doing, dissuaded others who had about decided to join the rebellion. But with a superior capacity for bungling, acquired through years of experience, the British let well enough alone and the survivors of Bunker Hill lived to fight another day.

The first blood of the Revolution had already been shed at Lexington and Concord. The Americans had managed to bottle up the redcoats under General Thomas Gage on the Boston peninsula. The embarrassed Gage was forced to twiddle his thumbs for weeks awaiting reinforcements from England. Help arrived with fresh troops under Generals William Howe, Henry Clinton and John Burgoyne. The latter, hearing that Gage was trapped in Boston, confidently quipped: "What! Well, let us get in and we'll soon find elbow room!"

As it turned out, things did not go well for Burgoyne, and wags

soon had nicknamed him "General Elbow Room," an appellation he had no reason to regard as excruciatingly amusing.

Gage's problem was to break out of Boston, which then was situated entirely on a peninsula. To the north of the Boston peninsula lay the Charlestown peninsula. On this neck of land was Bunker's hill, 110 feet high. If occupied by artillery, Bunker's hill (as it was originally known) could command Boston and the shipping around it. Gage determined to seize Bunker's hill himself to safeguard his position.

THE AMERICANS beat him to it. After sundown on June 16, some 1,200 Yankees stole quietly across the narrow isthmus connecting the Charlestown peninsula to the mainland, armed with rifles, shovels and picks. Their intention was to fortify Bunker's hill, but for some reason now lost to historians, Colonel William Prescott, the American commander, decided to put up his fortifications on Breed's hill, a less commanding hump of earth (75 feet high) some distance east of Bunker's hill.

At midnight, Colonel Richard Gridley, an American engineer, directed his men to start digging. In the next four hours of darkness, the Americans built a square redoubt, 40 yards on each side, atop Breed's hill, with a line of trenches reaching 100 yards to the water on the north side. It was an astonish-

ing feat, and done so quietly that sentries aboard British ships just offshore heard not a sound.

Dawn's early light revealed the redoubt to the British, who lost little time expressing their displeasure, with cannon fire from ship and shore batteries. After a few moments of fright, the Americans showed their defiance by cheering each ball that landed near them.

At this point in the festivities, it might have been well for all concerned to stop and think a bit. Prescott, if he had been a military genius, would have perceived that he had put his head in a noose. His only hope of extracting it would be if the British drove him off the scaffold.

This was true because the British commanded the sea. If the British had been thinking clearly, they would have perceived also that Prescott's position was hopeless, and that they, by seizing the narrow neck that connected the Charlestown peninsula to the mainland, would have Prescott in a neat bag, practically without firing a shot.

But Prescott didn't consider himself trapped, and General Gage didn't consider Prescott worthy of strategy. At any rate, Gage ignored Clinton's advice to seize the isthmus, and chose—in a master stroke of bungling—the only maneuver that would save Prescott from the trap he had made for himself. Gage ordered a frontal assault from the

east that would drive Prescott off the peninsula.

Soon boatloads of "lobsterbacks," as the British infantrymen were known, were being landed at the end of the peninsula and forming up for the attack. As a prelude, General Howe, in command of the operation, ordered his artillery to soften up the Americans. Again bungling entered the picture. Some lunatic had supplied the six pound cannon with 12 pound balls! Howe ordered the guns pushed within grapeshot range, but the heavy field pieces bogged down in the marshy ground.

HALF of Boston was watching from rooftops across the water, and Howe undoubtedly felt that he was giving something less than an excellent account of himself. He ordered his unconquerable British foot soldiers to attack.

It was an uncommonly hot day. The objective for these poor redcoats was a miserable redoubt just 600 yards away—uphill. Each Britisher, for some unfathomable reason, was told to pack three days provisions on his back. It has been estimated that the average foot soldier attacking Breed's hill had 125 pounds of equipment strapped to his shoulders!

Howe deployed his forces in a long line to bring equal pressure on all parts of the redoubt at once. With drums rolling, the British began their march up the hill. The scarlet

line moved inexorably through the green grass, and many a rawboned Yankee must have had misgivings. The British fired a volley that was noisily impressive but did no damage. Some trigger happy Yankees fired back, and promptly drew tongue lashings from their officers. For the Americans had been ordered to hold their fire until they were sure of bringing down something. It was here that Israel Putnam was supposed to have said, "Don't shoot until you see the whites of their eyes."

When the British were within 50 yards of the entrenchments, Prescott gave the order to fire. The hot blast of colonial musketry seared down the hillside, taking a murderous toll. The best American riflemen had been detailed to pick off the British officers, whose sparkling breast plates made excellent targets as they glittered in the morning sun.

The vaunted British ranks crumpled and the survivors fell back.

Howe by now was infuriated. During the first assault, his left wing had been peppered by rifle fire from Charlestown. He ordered the village destroyed, and soon artillery in Boston had accomplished his wishes.

Whatever his faults as a tactician that day, Howe was not a coward. He ordered a second attack on Breed's hill identical to the first, this time under his personal command. The British picked their way

through the bodies of their fallen comrades and marched into the same withering fire that had scorched down on them the first time. Every officer of Howe's staff was shot down but he emerged unscathed.

Howe now ordered his men to discard their packs and charge the hill the third time, and to seize it with bayonets. This time the Americans also held their fire until the last minute, but for a new reason. They had exhausted their ammunition. The scarlet wave crashed over the earthen redoubt and the Americans fled, suffering heavily as they came under British naval fire while crossing the isthmus to the mainland.

Fortescue, the official British historian, estimated that the total British casualty list came to 1,150—or 40 percent of the entire force engaged. The Americans, who had fielded some 1,700 men and boys in all, lost 100 killed, 271 wounded and 30 taken prisoner. It was the bloodiest engagement on American soil until the battle of New Orleans, forty years later.

BRITAIN had bungled magnificently that day. Generals Howe and Gage were roundly and openly criticized, and the British soldiers even groused about the stupidity of the officers in letters to the editors back home. Prescott had been chased out of his trap. Did he finally realize his good fortune? Hard-

ly. He rushed to his headquarters and volunteered to put his head back in the same trap if given a fresh force of 1,500 men!

Historian Charles Francis Adams, wagging his head in perplexity no doubt, called the events of this day "one of the most singular examples on record of what might be called 'the balancing of blunders,' and the accidental inuring of all those blunders to the advantage of one side."

"The singular thing is," Adams added, "that if the patriot army had been commanded by a military gen-

ius having the power to issue commands to both sides, he could not, so far as the Americans were concerned, have bettered the course of events."

THE TAIL of the British lion had been twisted—practically tied in a knot.

News of the battle swept the colonies and fired the patriots with determination to win their struggle for independence. Perhaps, with the fate of a nation in the balance, the thumb of Providence was on our side of the scales!

Just a Moment, Lady!

The average life span for women, 68; for men, 63.

Women are seldom color-blind, almost never stutter, hardly ever have ulcers.

Women do not change their minds as often as men, according to a Denver psychologist.

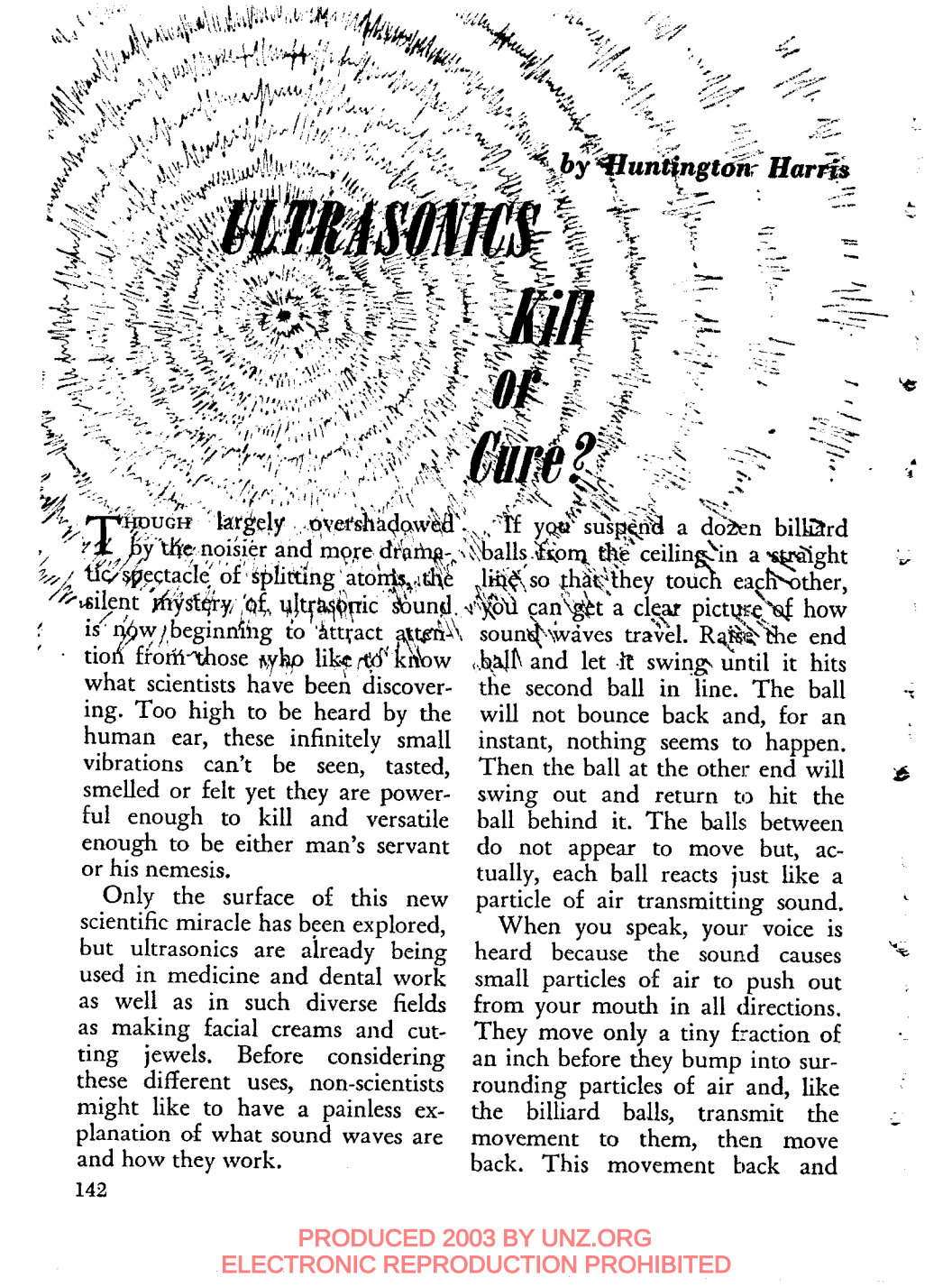
The average American woman is 5'4" tall, weighs 132, prefers marriage to a career.

Women lose fewer articles than do men, including coats, hats, pens, parcels, and false teeth.

For every bald-headed woman there are about 100 bald-headed men.

Painters usually paint a woman's profile from the left, on the theory that all that is gentle and feminine in the human visage is expressed on the left side.

In an average group of women, red was a 42% favorite, according to a color psychologist.



by **Huntington Harris**

ULTRASONICS

Kill or Cure?

THOUGH largely overshadowed by the noisier and more dramatic spectacle of splitting atoms, the silent mystery of ultrasonic sound is now beginning to attract attention from those who like to know what scientists have been discovering. Too high to be heard by the human ear, these infinitely small vibrations can't be seen, tasted, smelled or felt yet they are powerful enough to kill and versatile enough to be either man's servant or his nemesis.

Only the surface of this new scientific miracle has been explored, but ultrasonics are already being used in medicine and dental work as well as in such diverse fields as making facial creams and cutting jewels. Before considering these different uses, non-scientists might like to have a painless explanation of what sound waves are and how they work.

If you suspend a dozen billiard balls from the ceiling in a straight line so that they touch each other, you can get a clear picture of how sound waves travel. Raise the end ball and let it swing until it hits the second ball in line. The ball will not bounce back and, for an instant, nothing seems to happen. Then the ball at the other end will swing out and return to hit the ball behind it. The balls between do not appear to move but, actually, each ball reacts just like a particle of air transmitting sound.

When you speak, your voice is heard because the sound causes small particles of air to push out from your mouth in all directions. They move only a tiny fraction of an inch before they bump into surrounding particles of air and, like the billiard balls, transmit the movement to them, then move back. This movement back and

forth is called vibration. The number of vibrations in the sounds your ears are able to pick up is relatively small. C above middle C, as an example, is produced by 522 vibrations a second but in the ultrasonic range—the sounds too high for human ears to register—they range from 15,000 up into the millions.

The frequency of these vibrations are low. In the ultrasonic range, the frequency determines which sounds are high pitched and which are low. In the ultrasonic range, the number of vibrations is still more important, since it determines which bands of frequencies are useful to mankind and which can cause injury and even death.

As every farmer knows, you can make butter by putting cream into a jar and shaking it until your arms are tired. With sound waves that you cannot hear, you can produce a violent agitation in the jar which will make butter, homogenize milk, emulsify cod liver oil or blend oil and vinegar into mayonnaise more speedily and with no effort on your part.

SOUND WAVES enable the cosmetic manufacturer to offer women different types of facial cream. By using frequencies between 35,000 and 50,000 vibrations a second, they can surround a particle of water with oil and make a cleansing cream or, by surrounding a particle of oil with water, turn out the now-familiar vanishing cream.

However, this range of frequencies is also dangerous because it can clot blood as easily as it clots certain other fluids.

The usefulness of ultrasonic waves for cutting and milling brittle materials has, until recently, been overlooked. It is now possible to make a milling cut in glass, ceramics, carboloy or the new high temperature metals six times as fast as it was with the tools available last year. Since ultrasonic cutting tools do not rotate, the holes need not be round but can be square, triangular or any shape for which the tool may be designed.

The accurate machining required for the attachment of turbine blades can be accomplished at great savings by using ultrasonic tools and, as the jewelers are discovering, medallions, carbuchons and special shapes of jewels can be cut more speedily and accurately with ultrasonics without risk of breakage.

While valuable to industry, these uses probably are of less interest to most of us than finding out what can and can't be done with ultrasonics in medicine and dentistry.

For some time dentists and their patients have been looking forward to the day when the ominous buzzing of the drill, which makes most of us dread the dentist's chair, would be replaced by silent sound waves. It was expected that the ultrasonic drill would be painless as well as silent when some method

had been found of making it adaptable to dental use. Unhappily, this has not proved to be the case.

The dentists are discovering that ultrasonic drilling of a tooth is painless only if they use an anaesthetic. Heat on exposed nerves causes pain and ultrasonic energy produces heat. Moreover, for the ultrasonic drill to cut through the tooth structure there must be a constant flow of water mixed with an abrasive and while this gritty liquid does reduce the heat to some extent, it is unpleasant in the mouth and has to be removed lest it be swallowed.

PHOTOGRAPHS taken by the Bethesda Naval Medical Research Laboratory of a tooth after it had been operated on with an ultrasonic drill show appreciable damage to the nerve canal, not at the point of drilling but deeper in the tooth. The result of the Navy's investigation into the use of ultrasonics in the field of dentistry should serve as a red light to any general application of this new method until it has been much more carefully explored.

In the broad field of medicine the need for thorough research is even more imperative. Despite occasional reports of startling improvement in patients under ultrasonic treatment, too little true research has been done at the present time to justify its general use. Yet it is possible to find medical men

who, knowing nothing of the physical effects of certain frequencies upon the blood and of still other frequencies upon the cells which make the skin, the nerves and vital organs of the body, are willing to experiment upon their patients.

According to reports, arthritic patients seem to have been greatly benefited by treatments with ultrasonics in the range of 1,000,000 vibrations a second and some spectacular results have been reported on patients suffering from gout, bursitis and other painful maladies. However, no careful study seems to have been made to find out why, nor have investigations been attempted to learn why such treatments fail in other cases.

In Germany, where much of the early work originated, several doctors using ultrasonics lost their patients. It so happens that they were using frequencies around 1,200,000 vibrations a second, not far above the frequency that has been used upon arthritic patients here. It also happens that 1,200,000 is the resonant frequency of some of the body cells. It may well be that they unwittingly hit on a frequency which caused such violent agitation to be set up within the cells that their walls burst and, where large numbers of the cells were so affected, death ensued.

Physicians are not physicists. Neither then can be expected to know all that it has taken the other years to learn. But these two widely

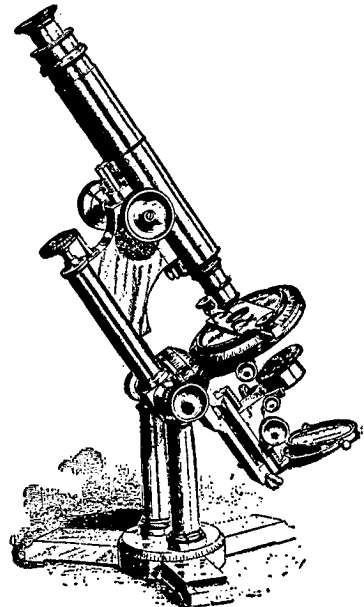
different sciences must pool their knowledge in the laboratory before safe use of ultrasonics can be made in medicine.

The writer had a personal experience which brought the realization of this home to him. During the last World War he was engaged in ultrasonic research for the Navy. Although the work for a particular result was being done at 180,000, a seemingly innocuous frequency, and with a power intensity so low as to be almost negligible, strict safety regulations were enforced. However one of the engineers, in disregard of them, leaned over the ultrasonic generator to make some adjustments. Within a few hours this man developed a headache so violent that he had to be restrained from jumping out of a high window. The writer promptly telephoned the Chief of Surgery of the Brooklyn Naval Hospital with whom he had been working on another project. The doctor answered that he did not know what treatment to advise for damage caused by ultrasonic waves and said that if the patient had been brought to him, he would have called the writer for suggestions.

Happily for everyone concerned, the engineer was normal the next morning. The incident, however, illustrates the point that ultrasonics have no place in medicine until much careful research has been done.

By no means does this mean

hit or miss testing of an infinite variety of frequency and power combinations on animals before the doctors try them out on human guinea pigs. Incredible as it may seem, much of the research can be done by use of mathematics.



AS AN EXAMPLE, the splitting of the water and ammonia molecules by ultrasonics gave scientists the data needed to compute the frequency and power that would be required to change the genes in microscopic animals. When the results of these computations were

applied, fantastic monsters were produced. Thus, the knowledge gained from these experiments, the scientists were able to locate a range of frequencies that would be dangerous to human beings.

Smart Girl!

SHORTLY before the last war, the wife of an American explorer was the guest, for a fortnight, of an Arabian sheik, who was inordinately proud of his horses. One evening, as he and a score of guests were talking, the sheik spoke disparagingly of his brother's horses. The explorer's wife, who had seen the brother's horses, remarked, "The race is not always to the swift. Remember the story of the tortoise and the hare?"

"But surely you do not apply such plodding nonsense to a horse-race?" the sheik said.

"Yes. With determination *plus* strategy," she qualified.

"We shall run the three fastest horses of each string. The winner of two out of three races shall be declared the winner," the sheik said.

Since she was an excellent equestrienne and because the sheik and his guests seemed excited by the prospect, she agreed to the race. The brother brought her his three fastest horses, and a racing course of about a quarter of a mile was planned.

The sheik mounted his prize horse. After a quickly-whispered remark to the brother, who held the reins of her three mounts, the woman chose a horse and climbed into the saddle. They were off. Both rode superbly, but the sheik's horse crossed the finish line four lengths ahead. The woman seemed unperturbed.

The sheik mounted his second-best horse. The woman said something *sotto voce* to the sheik's brother who frowned and proffered her the reins of the next horse. Again they were off. The explorer's wife won by two lengths.

Both contestants then mounted the last of the steeds. The woman's mount shot across the line a length and a half in the lead.

"Simple strategy," she explained, later. "I asked your brother for the least swift of his horses when I saw you mount your fastest. Since I expected to be beaten once, I thought it might as well be badly. In the second race, when you rode your second-best horse, I asked your brother for his fleetest. It won easily. Then, against your least rapid horse, I ran your brother's second-best and won again."

—JACK KIRCHMEYER

Are We Beyond Resentment?

by

Stephen Paulson

WE MAY as well face it: the American people have either mislaid, or lost entirely, their capacity for righteous individual indignation toward wrong-doing and wrong-doers. In place of the time-honored, Christian-American custom of individually seeking truth in order better to support what is good and combat what is evil we have acquired the shoddy habit of allowing our opinions to be shaped for us by intellectual shepherders, otherwise known as "thought police." They are the editors, columnists, commentators, press agents, literate speechwriters for illiterate politicians, and other synthesizers of "public opinion." Nine out of ten of them are the "kept" spokesmen for one or other of the nation's stables of pressure groups. We have lost our national respectability.

That this condition is a natural consequence of some two and a half decades of political cynicism under the leadership of Franklin D. Roosevelt and Harry S. Tru-

man is apparent on the face of it. The "what's-in-it-for-me" standard of civic responsibility to which these two presidents subscribed could not do other than downgrade the moral and spiritual level of our people.

Although Roosevelt's record made it impossible for Truman to rank as the worst president in our history, Truman did accomplish the almost incredible feat of tying FDR with a photo finish. Moreover, Truman excelled in certain specialized areas of bad conduct. It is possible—just possible—that, had he lived, Roosevelt might have done more harm to the United States than Truman did in the closing months of the war and immediate postwar years, but, as FDR liked to quip, "that's an 'iffy' question." All we can know for certain is that from April 1945 to January 1953 Truman was president, and in that space of a little less than eight years his actions and policies systematically weakened our nation—while other fav-

ored nations and groups abroad benefited hugely.

At the end of the war the United States was the hope of the world. People in all lands looked forward with high hopes to better days under our leadership. Even the masses in the countries we had done so much to defeat were not too apprehensive of post-war injustice so long as this country preserved its power and exhibited a willingness to use it in behalf of peace and justice.

Recklessly squandering this good will, Truman misused our power and turned our prestige into a mockery. The hopes of millions in all parts of the world were dashed. Those disillusioned millions now are our potential (or active) enemies whereas they should have been our friends.

IN AN ARTICLE of this length, it is impossible to list all of the things about which decent Americans should be righteously indignant. However, a numeration of some of the more infamous may serve to remind us of the decline in our national "shock" level in recent years.

1. If we were to search for a symbol to epitomize the publicly applauded New Deal and Fair Deal tactics of gang-up-and-smear, we need look no further than the shameful long-time treatment of President Herbert Hoover. The former President was no more to

blame for the Depression than for the burning of Rome; yet the big lie was shouted so long and loudly that armies of so called Republicans spun cocoons about their consciences and acquiesced to the unjust abuse that was hurled at an innocent man. Our failure to react against the smearing of Hoover was a sign that the conscience of the American people was no longer on guard.

2. How many of us can truthfully say that we believe United States recognition of the Soviet Union was a defensible thing in the first place? We knew the regime of Lenin and Trotsky was an absolutist dictatorship imposed by terrorism upon the Russian people. Yet we extended the hand of friendship to Soviet Russia in 1933 and have continued to recognize her during the 23 subsequent years.

3. Another great American to be singled out for abuse and who, like Mr. Hoover, can scorn those who tried to harm him, was Colonel (now General) Charles E. Lindbergh. That competent and patriotic aviation expert was guilty of no greater "crime" than seeing with penetration and reporting the dangers he saw ahead. If Charles Lindbergh and Anne Morrow Lindbergh and their children now are in the prayers of millions whom they have never known, it is because proper contrition was long delayed.

4. There are still among us some

die-hards who refuse to recognize the truth underlying the "unexpected" attack on Pearl Harbor which was staged in order to stampede us into rescuing England, France and the Soviet Union from defeat in World War II. Most people, however, are awake to the realities now so it is all the more dismal that the two commanding officers whose careers were sacrificed in that hideous affair, Admiral Kimmel and General Short, have not been accorded mass apologies by the decent elements of their countrymen. Neither of those officers need be ashamed, but those of us who fail to force official public admission of their guiltlessness stand in disgrace.

5. What was ever done about the Tyler Kent case? Beyond a ban on mention of the subject, the answer is: nothing. Here was a young American employed as a code clerk in the United States Embassy in London before our entry into World War II. British authorities complained to the U. S. Ambassador that Kent was reporting to certain U. S. Army personnel some of the messages being exchanged between Churchill and Roosevelt which involved Frankfurter and Lady Astor. In an appalling betrayal of the rights of an American citizen our Ambassador in London turned Tyler Kent over to the British authorities who tried and convicted him of violating British "secrecy" laws. After serving out a

prison term in England Tyler Kent was brought back to America where, so far as yet is known, no charges of any sort ever were filed against him. A few people who know this story were (and are still) furious; but the usual view taken by our fellow citizens now is: "The same thing goes on all the time with our G.I.'s in Europe. If they are picked up for alleged offenses, their officers have to leave them under jurisdiction of the local authorities."

6. One of the darkest soul scars we carry goes back to the hysteria which swept the country on the heels of Pearl Harbor when, it will be recalled, thousands of native born Americans of Japanese ancestry were summarily rounded up, taken from their homes, and herded into concentration camps like so many prisoners of war. These were American citizens. Much later some of these mistreated citizens were allowed to serve their native country (to which most were unswervingly loyal) in one capacity or another where they "couldn't do much harm" and where expendability seems to have been the criterion. This sordid story has done much to foment ill-will against the United States among the millions of Asia.

7. The Teheran, Yalta and Potsdam conferences and their evil consequences have been explained to our people again and again. The

public response, except among an informed few has been one of complaisance. The cynical and dishonorable bargains with Communism which were made by our representatives at these 'summit' meetings have touched off no indignation among most Americans.

8. When President Truman gave the order to detonate the first Atomic bomb on the innocent civilians of Nagasaki he was fully aware that the Japanese nation already was in the final stages of defeat. His wantonly irresponsible act will be remembered down through the years whenever the American people presume to preach to others the way of righteousness and justice.

9. Behind its false front, the United Nations is little better than a device to preserve an unjust status quo in the world. As a chief architect of the United Nations Organization, Alger Hiss has the unprecedented opportunity to subordinate the sovereignty of the United States to a Communist-tainted world organization. He adroitly seized the opportunity. To this day, the average American registers no indignation over the dishonorable deal which was perpetrated upon it at San Francisco. The United Nations looms as an international sacred cow behind its

glass-windowed palace on the East River.

10. Every decent American should feel deepest shame over America's past in the "War Crimes Trials." Those mockeries of Christian principles in which victors by force of arms presumed to mete out justice by executing leaders of the vanquished, eclipse any similar display of brute hatred since the Dark Ages. Unfortunately, few Americans recognize the moral degradation to which we sank at Nuremberg.

11. If our membership in the United Nations had harmed us at no other point save in the Korean fiasco, that injury should have been enough to convince us of our folly. The crowning shame of Korea was the disgrace meted out to a great American, Douglas MacArthur. The American people reacted indignantly to this injustice for a few days and then accepted it. No one in Washington was punished for this blot on American honor.

AN AMERICA which fails to feel shame at these moral lapses—and we could cite many more—is an America which is fast losing its conscience. Let us regain our capacity for righteous wrath. It is the hope of a people who would retain their soul.

Nothing is hard work if you can get others to do it for you.

THE BOOK SHELF

THE NAKED WARRIORS by Commander Francis Douglas Fane, USNR and Don Moore, *Appleton-Century-Crofts, Inc. New York, 1956. pp. 302. \$5.00.*

Since 1777 when Sargent Ezra Lee dove underwater to blow up Lord Howe's flagship, H. M. S. Eagle, near Governor's Island, United States Frogmen have pioneered daring concepts of warfare beneath the sea.

They played a vital role in preparing the invasion beaches of World War II and Korea, thus preventing many casualties.

Don Moore, an editor at RKO, and Francis Douglas Fane, World War II frogman and Commander of Underwater Demolition Unit One at Coronado, California, have given us the history of these "naked warriors" through the present time.

More recently divers have explored the ocean depths from the tropics to above the Arctic Circle. UDT men charted 1,200 miles of the Distant Early Warning (DEW) Line through polar seas. Wearing special heavy underwear and rubber suits they pushed aside ice floes to plunge into the briny Antarctic ocean in water temperatures as low as 28 degrees F.

In "Operation Freedom" the amphibious forces saved countless helpless victims in flight from the Communists in Indo-China.

Every American who reads this book will be proud of the volunteers who sign up for duty in the high-casualty underwater demolition teams.

LIFE WITHOUT FATHER by Muriel Resnik. *The Vanguard Press, New York, 1956. pp. 287. \$3.50*

A SIMPLE human story ably told by Muriel Resnik who describes what it's like to bring up two male children without a father.

First, there is the venture into progressive education—when Mike erupts from school with mashed potatoes plastered in his ear but ego still intact; and when Hank's vivid and wholly fictitious discovery of "rejection" captures the overly sympathetic ear of a young teacher.

There were neighbors quick to criticize an attractive divorcee and the parade of eligible bachelors introduced by overly well-meaning friends.

The denouement brings an even more challenging, personal adjustment: Mrs. Resnik's mother, a widow, marries—and Mrs. Resnik's Hank and Mike gallantly offer to baby-sit for Granny.

The exuberant author never seems to know what will come next and the reader isn't too sure either, but it's all good fun.

THE THREE KEYS TO SUCCESS by Lord Beaverbrook. *Duell, Sloan and Pearce, New York, \$3.00. 32 pp.*

MANY books on how to be successful are written by non-entities, but Lord Beaverbrook's formula at least worked for himself. Born Max Aitken in humble circumstances in New Brunswick, Canada,

he became a millionaire newspaper owner, banker, politician, and even made Great Britain's "400" as a baronet.

His "three keys to success" are judgment, industry and health. Success may have made Lord Beaverbrook a bit of a Pollyanna, for he fails to count the important part played by Lady Luck. It is also true that a multitude of successful people have suffered from ill health throughout their lives.

Doubtless such Beaverbrookisms as these will in due course make *Bartlett's Quotations*:

On Education: "When all is said and done, the real education is the market place of the street."

On Ingenuity: "Success belongs to those who, by swift improvisations, snatch triumph from catastrophe."

On Happiness: "Success brings power. In the right use of power lies happiness."

Lord Beaverbrook's advocacy of the values of thrift, industry and moderation, related in clear, well-organized prose, recalls Benjamin Franklin's *Poor Richard's Almanac*. Like Franklin, Beaverbrook appears somewhat lacking in warmth despite the dynamic quality of his success.

FADS AND FOIBLES IN MODERN SOCIOLOGY AND RELATED SCIENCES, by Pitirim A. Sorokin. *Henry Regenery Co., Chicago, 1956, \$10. 357pp.*

PITIRIM A. SOROKIN, Harvard sociology professor who fled Soviet Russia in 1922, criticizes such Western dogmas as faith in the "yarns" of Freud and Jung, sham statistics and pseudo-experimental techniques.

He notes that even L. M. Terman, foremost authority in the field of intelligence tests, after screening 250,000 children, failed to find any relationship between test results and performance in adult life. Sorokin fears that if this current overevaluation of character, personality, talent and intelligence tests continue, the result will be misplacement of individuals in our society.

The scholarly professor, who furnishes a 28-page appendix of comments and references, does not lack a sense of humor despite a turgid literary style. He relates a classic about a patient who, when asked what an ink blot in the Rorschach test symbolized to him, replied "sexual relations." When the clinician asked why, thinking to turn up a buried "complex," the patient replied, "Oh, because I think about sexual relations all the time, anyway."

The reader ends up with so little regard for the "science" of sociology that he wonders if a better route to the study of man might not be a return to Plato, Beethoven, Michelangelo, Shakespeare and Galileo. In this case, there would be no justification for the vocation of Mr. Sorokin.

I have done a lot of driving and I have come to the conclusion that either a large majority of car owners lie about the mileage they get from gasoline, or they do all their driving down hill.

THE OPEN FORUM

Letters from readers on any subject are welcome—the more independent in thought and expression, the better. The editors hope to acknowledge all of them, either in these columns or by correspondence. The right is reserved to shorten or condense in view of space limitations. Please use a typewriter!

What About Our Prisoners of War?

Sir: I recently retired from the Army after 30 years of active service, serving overseas in both World Wars. So I can't sign my name to this, because of the law prohibiting retired officers from commenting on controversial subjects of political nature.

I have followed with a great deal of interest the nation-wide furore over the conduct of our prisoners of war in Korea. I have been considerably disturbed that some of the outstanding facts of the situation have either been overlooked or ignored by the press and by military officials who should know better. There is one point that I have never seen mentioned—the fact that all alleged misconduct occurred *after capture*. I have not been able to find even a hint of refusal of duty, cowardice in the face of the enemy, betrayal of military information, or any evidence of any kind of misconduct in the theater of combat *prior to capture*.

During World War II, thousands of cases of combat-fatigue were treated. *Who can say that the men captured in Korea were not suffering from just that?* After facing the filth, fear, and physical exhaustion of combat in a harsh climate,

over some of the worst terrain in the world, against a brutal, ruthless, and fanatical enemy, capture could easily have been the breaking-point.

Hospitalization and medical treatment, not punishment, was what these men needed. Instead of that, they were pilloried before the nation, thrown before military courts martial, and rapped with from 20 years to life in federal prison. After the treatment given our home-grown traitors, doesn't that seem just a little bit absurd? Alger Hiss, an educated man of good family, holding a high position of great honor and complete trust, systematically betrayed his country for years. He got slapped on the wrist for perjury. Instead of doing his time in the jute-mill out on the rock in San Francisco, he was detained in the library of a reformatory known to criminals as "The Country Club." Don't think for a moment that the infantry soldier hasn't compared the treatment given such people with that accorded his buddies. What the comparison is doing to troop morale, I'll leave to your imagination.

Personally, I think it is time that somebody with a little editorial guts got up on his hind legs and told the American people that the time is past when we can break the trend of a young man's

life by inducting him into the military service, transport him thousands of miles from home to risk his life and limb in a war, and then demand from him more personal sacrifice and a greater degree of patriotism than we do of so-called labor leaders and government officials at home.

I have been a constant reader of THE MERCURY for years. I know no other publication that would do justice to the idea I am trying to put across. Here's hoping you will publish this letter and any others that may come in to you about this situation.

(Name withheld)
Wichita Falls, Texas

Sir: During the past few years I have read newspaper accounts of delirious home-town welcomes given captured GIs returning from Korean prison camps—brass bands, speeches, pretty girls, TV, and what-have-you. How soft can we get? These men quit, yelled “Kamerade”, and handed themselves over to the enemy—I can think of a lot more fitting treatment for them. We welcome home our POWs with flowers and applause. The Russians shoot theirs, or send them to Siberia. I ask you—which Army is going to win in the long run, the Russian or the American?

JAMES L. SMITH
New York City

Editor's Note: The above two letters are representative of the many received from readers on this subject in recent months. Further opinions are invited.

California Comments

Sir: You are probably flooded by a deluge of letters, after the blistering Donald F. While gave Southern California,

and it serves you right. Sounds to me as if the author made up his mind beforehand not to find anything good out there. Just for the record, I've got to register a few exceptions to his report. Coming from a New Englander, my remarks can't be considered prejudiced.

Somehow, I managed to live out there for two years without ever getting into the tabloids. Naturally it took me a little time to look around and decide where I wanted to live; perhaps the manager of the hotel where my husband was staying had his doubts about our ability to find a place at all, because his hotel was full and he couldn't rent us another room—that's why he went to all the trouble of getting in another bed to accommodate my daughter and me without extra charge.

We wound up down in Manhattan Beach. The thing I liked most about that city was the way they provide for the children. Every other street there is blocked off at both ends (permanently, by cement blockades) so that the streets are safe for the little fellows to ride their trikes, learn to handle their two-wheelers and roller-skate to their hearts' content without danger of being run over by Mr. While's “crazy California drivers.”

Later, we found in West Hollywood an attractive bungalow, completely furnished, which we rented for \$75 a month, everything included. “Everything” meant a nice yard, a cemented patio, a garage, grape arbor, trees, etc. We couldn't touch such accommodations back east for that price.

Our next-door neighbor called the afternoon we moved in, introduced herself and her two little girls, and invited our daughter to share their portable swimming pool while I unpacked—with her cheerful assistance.

When I decided to get myself a night-time job, I telephoned the TV studio nearest our home to find out how to apply for work. The general impression of most newcomers is that Hollywood professional people are a kind of "special breed" to be approached with awe and trepidation, if at all. But an hour and a half later I had filled out employment information blanks, talked with the personnel director, and had become a full-time employee of KTTV!

My job led to my learning a whole lot about greater Los Angeles and its people than I could ever have dared hope for. I got acquainted with innumerable people, all of whom proved themselves to be real, solid, honest folks interested in other people and their progress and success.

Southern California taught me that you can find wonderful things and people everywhere you want to look for them. I hope Mr. While stays out there long enough to have a change of heart. He doesn't know how lucky he is.

C. R. GRANT
Riverside, Rhode Island

Sir: Your article, "I Hate Southern California" is one of the most amusing I have read in a long time. I am afraid you will not be very popular with the denizens of that benighted region.

REV. H. D. BULL
Church of the Holy Apostles
Barnwell, South Carolina

What About Our Schools?

Sir: I enclose \$1.50 for which please send me four copies of the May Mercury by return mail—we should have more articles like "Why Teachers Can't Teach." I have purchased a copy of Miss Dunn's book and I can heartily recommend it to anyone who is sin-

cerely interested in putting an end to "the shame of our schools." Miss Dunn deserves roses for so courageously "speaking the truth and shaming the devil," the devil being the idiotic system misnamed "progressive education" whose results we can now see in the ever-rising tide of juvenile delinquency. "Progressive education," with its emphasis on lack of discipline and its pampering of the problem child, is leading to disaster—a disaster which can be prevented only by a thorough reform of the whole secondary-school system in this country.

SIGMUND S. BIRKENMAYER
University of Wisconsin
Madison, Wisconsin

Sir: I am a high-school teacher, and I am shocked and angry. If one of my students had written a paper in which there were as many fallacious assertions and irrelevant conclusions as Albert L. Bell has written in his appalling article, "Are High Schools for Morons?" (January, 1956.), I would have rejected that paper instantly.

But I am grateful to you for having published the article—I doubt that I could have found a better example of illogical writing for my students had I searched throughout literature.

The statements that shocked me the most were "the achievements of our high-school students looks like a poor return for the lavish investment" and "it is silly to bombard morons and nit-wits with a conglomerate mixture of dubious information." These are outrageous and degrading generalizations; they immediately transform every high school into an institution for the mentally defective, and turn my colleagues and me into wardens. Had I not so much faith in the integrity of THE MER-

CURY, I would have suspected such statements as being Communist-inspired.

The majority of the young people in America have *not* made a mess of their lives. Far from it! They have done a better job as a whole than any of us has the right to expect. Wherever there is a case of delinquency, somewhere in the background there is an adult who has either directly or indirectly contributed to it.

Far from being "misfits," our teenagers are going to be tomorrow's citizens of whom our nation will have cause to be proud.

GEORGE PATRICK LEPAITRE
New York

"Shove Over, Bud!"

Sir: Your article, "Can Truck Drivers Drive?" echoed my sentiments exactly, but it was much too tame and tempered in its attempt to shatter the myth that truck drivers are the world's safest drivers. Here in the auto state itself, we get more than our share of evidence regarding the bad driving-manners, the boorishness, and the complete emotional instability of the over-rated truck-driver—from the urban delivery truck that double-parks with the blessing of the city police to the giant highway auto-haulers who go rattling and weaving down Michigan's inadequate highways far beyond the proscribed speed-limit, with no one making any attempt to stop them. I'd like to see national magazines do more to destroy the foolish illusion that a truck-driver's judgment—either in choosing an eating-place or in making a split-second decision on the high-

way—is any better than yours or mine.

BILL BENNETT
Station WKBZ
Muskegon, Michigan

The "Free Press"

Sir: Our vaunted "free press" is free only so long as those who control the dollar permit it to be free. An American is permitted to publish anything provided he can get a publisher. The publisher, like the free press, is controlled by the dollar. The result is, that the American people are fed with propaganda entirely controlled. As a nation, we are being brain-washed.

The moral tone of our press grows lower and lower. Just take a look at the material on display in a large newsstand. Read the filthy stuff passed out to our youngsters for a few pennies. Dating from the time of Lenin, the aim of the Russian government has been to take over the American youth. Millions of Americans are waking up to the situation. Numerous patriotic publications are now bringing the facts into public view. The American Mercury is doing a great work in this way. The editor, Russell Maguire, is devoting all his energies to a plan to inform the American people of the real state of affairs. He should be loyally supported. Every patriot throughout the land should act as an agent in securing subscriptions, so that the danger of the present-day tragedy that threatens our destruction, may be brought to every home.

GEORGE VAN HORN MOSELEY
(General Moseley)

More Power to Oyster!

Sir: I am the original member of the Oyster (Va.) Chamber of Commerce. Our C. of C. is a flexible group of volunteers—to join it, a person writes his

name on the wall in McCready's store; to resign, he scratches it off.

Our aim is to keep our village just as it is. We are willing to share our scenery, our ocean, our wild life, and other phenomena—but we want no boom. We have no ambition to become a chromium-plated resort. Here in our town, everybody likes everybody else. There's no malice. Nobody belittles his neighbor in an effort to make himself seem more important. Everybody calls everybody else by his first name—Douglas MacArthur Parker, age 8, greets Toby Moore, age 78, with "Hi, Toby."

We're a fishing village (pop. 500 when all the children are home), situated on a deep-water inlet on the eastern part of the Eastern Shore of Virginia.

The Eastern Shore was projected eastward into the Atlantic Ocean for the convenience of people who can't wait for sunrise tomorrow, but want to be out there to meet it today.

When you've got all this AND a Chamber of Commerce, it's a mistake to try to improve it. That's what our Chamber is for—to hold what we've got.

H. HUNT, JR.
Oyster, Virginia

Others Heard From . . .

Too bad THE MERCURY doesn't have unlimited space—hundreds of other letters just as good as those above could be printed. Best we can do is mention a few of the outstanding ones . . . thanks to Senator William E. Jenner for writing: "I always look forward to receiving THE MERCURY, because when I read it I know I am getting the true picture." . . . "This country," writes

Mordon Smith, Grayland, Washington, "is indeed fortunate in having a magazine whose editors are fully aware of the serious conditions existing in the U.S.—of course I mean THE MERCURY." Thanks, Mr. Smith . . . another Mr. Smith (any relation?), Alex Smith, Oakville, Washington, writes: that THE MERCURY is "clear, forceful, and thought-provoking. I do not necessarily agree with all you say, but I regard it as a compliment when a publication appeals to my intelligence instead of trying to lead me with propaganda." Great state, Washington, fine people. Long live the Smiths! . . . Mrs. Frank R. Busha, Fairlawn, New Jersey; Joseph S. Corvino, Hattiesburg, Miss.; Edward A. Murphy, Waterbury, Conn.; John E. Staley, Los Angeles; James White, Hampton, Va.; Helen Harris, Omaha; A. E. Lynch, Washington, D. C.; J. Keller Kirn, Sr., Lancaster, Ohio; E. J. Hummel, Beverly Hills, Calif. . . . also thanks for pungent comments from Louis R. Ferm, Houghton, N. Y.; Harry Goldman, Chicago; Helen Reinhold, Birmingham, Ala.; J. H. Loughhead, Fresno, Calif.; John O. Thomas, El Cerrito, Calif.; Barbara M. Caswell, North Hollywood, Calif.; Margaret Tabor, Los Angeles, Calif.; R. L. Ellis, El Cajon, Calif.; Serge Yanulis, Nick Ivanoff and S. Pavlov, all of San Francisco; James P. Radigan, Los Angeles, Calif.; Mabel Tuttle, Yuyunga, Calif.; Edith M. Kessler, Petaluna, Calif.; Charles Howell, Yorkville, Ill.; Frank Ball, Barboursville, W. Va.; R. S. Maynard, Madison, O.; P. Westerfield, Charleston, S. C.; Chloe L. Shope, Ithaca, N. Y.; Austin K. Wardwell, Bedford, Mass.; Lorena T. and Willis V. Johnson, Dunedin, Fla.; H. A. Highstone, Santa Rosa, Calif.

THE MERCURY hopes to hear from more of you next month.



KING TUT may have needed a PERIODONTIST

In the days of the great pyramids the reigning monarch often suffered from dental disorders. An early periodontist (one who treats diseases of the gum area) in 5,000 B.C. inscribed on his Sumerian clay tablet advice for curing a toothache.

. . . King Tut may have employed the services of a periodontist when troubled by a loose tooth. Tombs of ancient Egypt show from the mummies unearthed that dental caries was a human problem even in those days.

Dentistry has evolved into a definite science since the time of the high priest-physician and the barber-surgeon (14th-15th century). Now the dental profession treats many phases of oral health. Some specialists you may have consulted are:

the orthodontist (straightens teeth)

the periodontist (treats diseases of the gum area)

the prosthodontist (makes dentures)

the pedodontist (child's dentist)

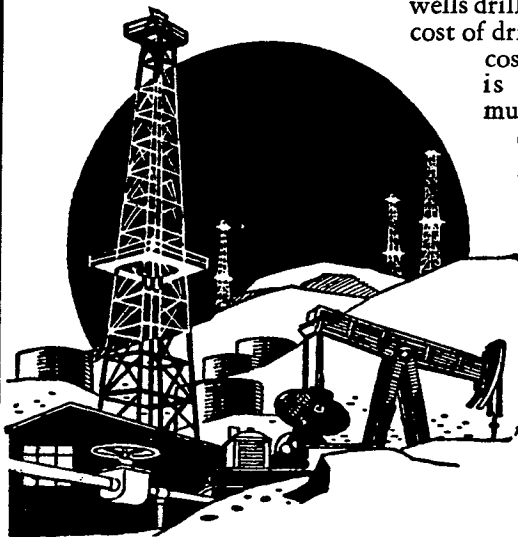
All are the product of many years of pre-operative study in the finest dental schools. Know their names.

THE WEBER DENTAL MFG. COMPANY
Canton 5, Ohio

We are thankful to be a producer of oil and gas which provide more than half the total U.S. energy today. The oil and gas industry, because of our competitive enterprise system, has been able to discover large reserves of oil and gas, thereby being a big contributor in improving the standards of living in this great country of ours.

This has been done even though, out of every 9 wildcat wells, 8 are dry holes. One out of every 44 wildcat wells finds new oil reserves equivalent to national demand for about 4 hours. And *one* out of 991 has enough new oil to match *more* than a week's consumption. One-fourth of all productive

wells drilled never return the cost of drilling. The average cost of a wildcat well is \$123,000. There must be incentives to encourage these great risks.



It is important to every American citizen that any threats to the oil and gas industry which would endanger the security and defense of our country be disposed of. Presently, this can be done by:

1. Demanding that rights given to the States by our Constitution be returned to them.
2. Insisting that excessive oil imports be limited to 15 days per month, being the same basis as domestic oil producers are permitted.
3. Continuing depletion allowance.

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Objectives for 1957

AS THE NEW YEAR BEGINS, we would like to make resolutions for the good of these United States.

Congress must reassert itself and regain control over the issuance of money and the regulation of trade, as provided in our Constitution.

States rights, as specified by the Constitution, must be reestablished. Our political parties must be recaptured from the internationalists and the invisible government must be destroyed.

Of paramount importance, we must have a spiritual revival—we must return to a strong belief in God and the Bible.

A great truth campaign must be undertaken to awaken and inform our fellow citizens. When necessary, use an economic boycott on all enemies of our country. These steps will definitely demolish the conspiracy.

Take an active interest in our churches, schools and in politics on the precinct level. We, as individuals, can do much to stop crime, corruption and delinquency.

Let us not be fooled by Tito and other false faces of the captive nations. Their plan is to “milk” us which can only weaken this country.

Curb and tax the big foundations. They are being used to further World Government and other plans which are detrimental to the United States.

As trustees and custodians, we must pass on intact to the next generation the great blessings which we have inherited.

The good people in each state should organize themselves into a “State Security Commission” and also in each city into an “Advisory-Security Council.” Both would watch and investigate what is going on and then publicize the facts!

A Happy and Blessed New Year!



RUSSELL MAGUIRE